HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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INSURRECTION IN SICILY.

OUR readers are referred to Nos. 180 and 181 for a very accurate and valuable MAP OF THE KINGDOM OF THE TWO SICILIES, for fine views of MESSINA, NAPLES, and PALERMO, a splendid PORTRAIT of GARIBALDI, etc.

THE "DERBY DAY."

ON page 388 our readers will find a spirited sketch of the great race on Epsom Downs, whose annual recurrence gives all London a holiday.

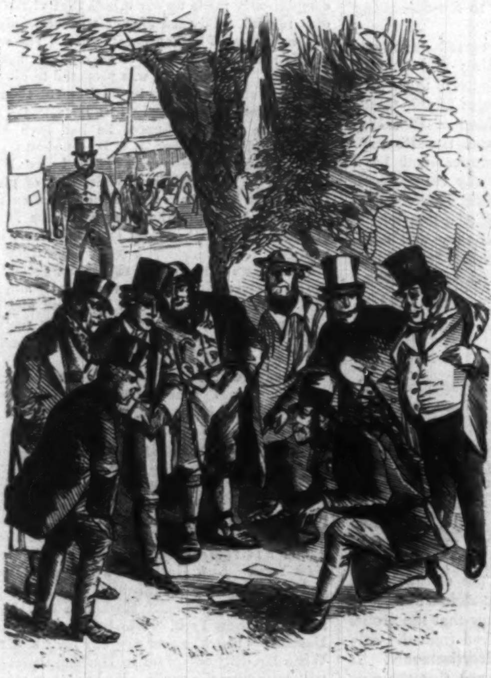
Epsom, the town in whose vicinity the race takes place, lies fifteen miles southwest of London, and was once noted as a watering-place. From the waters of the springs found here were first manufactured the celebrated "Epsom salts," dear to costive humanity. The springs are no longer a fashionable centre, and the neighborhood is now noted only for its race-course.

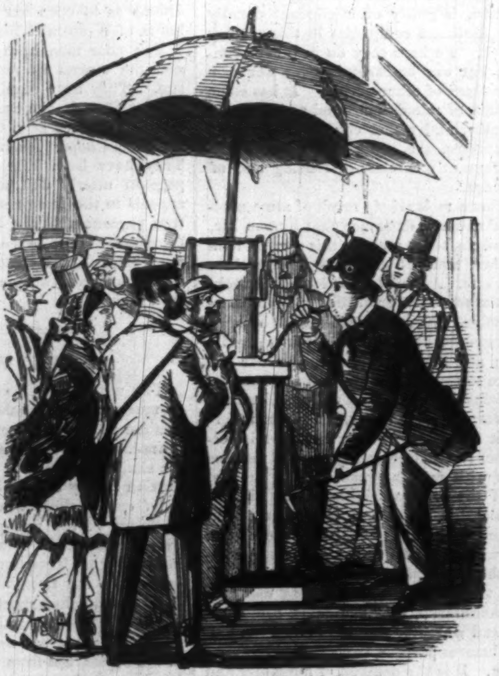
The races take place during the week preceding Whitsuntide, and the "Derby" stakes are run for always on Wednesday. In this one race centres the main interest. The others draw but minor crowds; but to see "the Derby" nearly half a million of Londoners rush out in every kind of conveyance and in all imaginable styles. The grand stand on the race-course, erected some thirty years ago, holds nearly eight thousand persons.

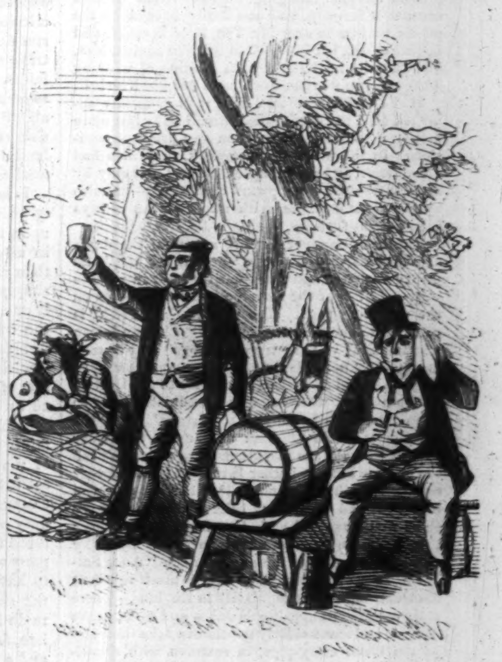
The race for the Derby stakes was first instituted at Epsom, in the year 1780, and was won by Sir Charles Bunbury's Diomed. This horse was subsequently imported into the United States, and from him have descended some of the best horses that ever trod the turf. Sir Archy, Timoleon, Boston, Lexington, and Lecomte all trace their blood back to Diomed; and now, after a lapse of eighty years, we see his lineal descendant, Umpire, contending for the same stake which he (Diomed) won in the first year of its establishment. But the value of the stake is immensely increased since that time; for in 1780 there were but thirty-six subscribers and nine starters for the race, while in 1860 there were 225 subscribers and thirty starters. The conditions of the race remain unchanged, with the exception of the weights carried; these were originally 112 pounds for colts, and 109 for fillies. The subscription to the stake is $250 each, half forfeit; for three-year old colts, 119 pounds, and fillies, 114 pounds; the owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovereigns out of the stakes; the winner to pay 100 sovereigns toward the police and regulations of the course, and 50 sovereigns to the judge; distance, one mile and a half.

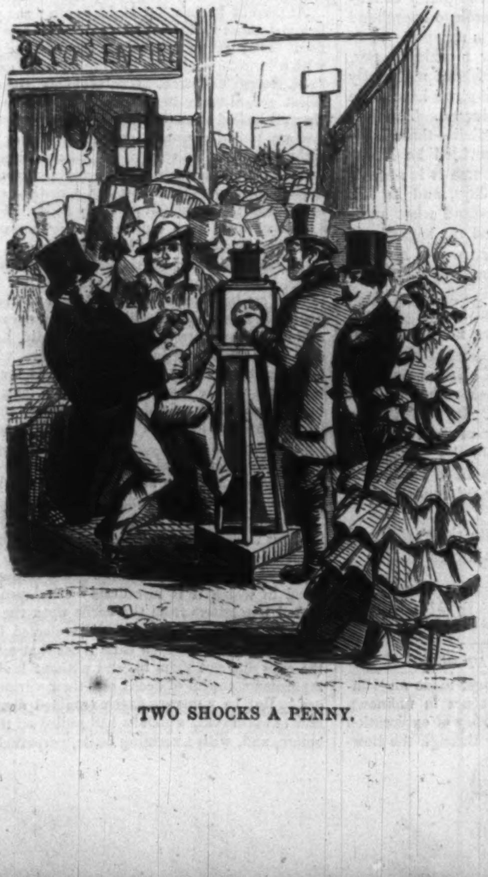
The stake is worth £6300; but from that sum must be deducted the winner's own stake, 100 sovereigns for second horse, 100 sovereigns for police expenses, and £50 for the judge: thus reducing its clear value to £6050.

The pace this year was pretty good throughout, and three seconds quicker than last year. Thormanby, the winner, is a chestnut horse, of doubtful parentage, being by Melbourne, or Windhound, out of Alice Hawthorn, and the property of Mr. James Merry, a Scottish gentleman of immense fortune. He has been a stanch patron of the turf for upward of twenty years, but this is the first time he ever succeeded in his great object of winning the "Blue Ribbon of the Turf." He won the Great St. Leger in 1858 with Sunbeam, and has also carried off many other important races with his large stable of racers. Last year Thormanby started fourteen times, and won nine races, beating good horses. Exceedingly popular on the turf, it is no wonder that Mr. Merry's success was hailed with immense cheering by the assembled thousands who witnessed the race. He has steadily and pluckily supported his horse in the betting throughout the winter, and his winnings must consequently be enormous. His liberality to his trainers and jockeys is a matter of notoriety; and he

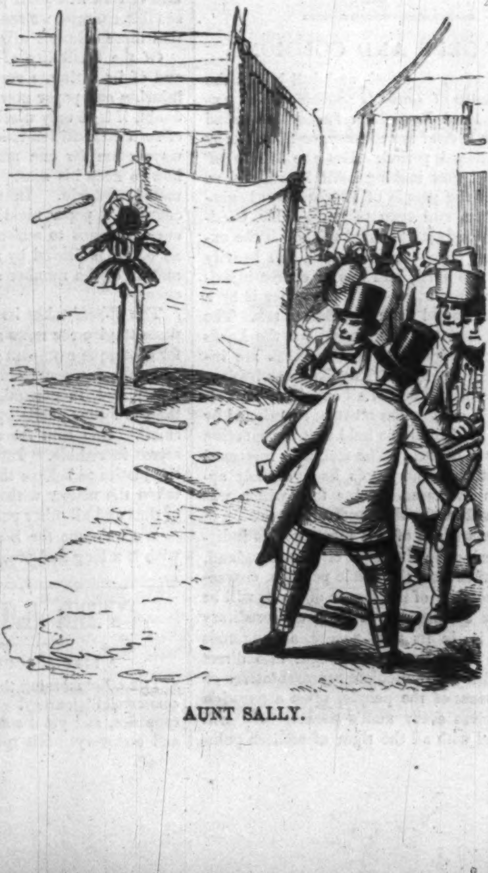

THE THREE-CARD TRICK.

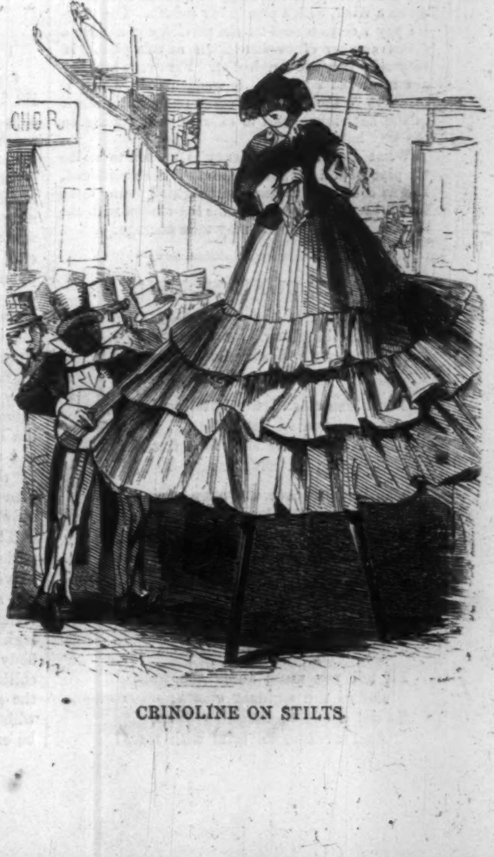

TRY YOUR LUNGS, GENTLEMEN!


ROAD-SIDE REFRESHMENTS.



TWO SHOCKS A PENNY.


AUNT SALLY.



CRINOLINE ON STILTS.

has been known to make a present of 1000 guineas to one of the latter when he won the Doncaster St. Leger.

The Derby this year had a peculiar interest for Americans, in consequence of Mr. Ten Broeck having an American-bred horse, Umpire, engaged in it. Umpire is a chestnut colt by Lecomte out of Alice Carneal by imported Sarpedon, out of Rowena by Sumpter, and was bred on the farm of A. Keene Richards, Esq., Georgetown, Kentucky. He was purchased by Mr. Ten Broeck as a yearling, and sent over to England last spring to be trained in his stable at Newmarket. His first appearance on the turf was at the Newmarket Craven meeting for a £50 plate, in which race he was not placed. He next ran in a match for 100 sovereigns with Sir Joseph Hawley's Twang, in which he was beaten by a head. At the Goodwood meeting in July he won the nursery stakes, one mile, beating a field of twenty-one horses, by seven lengths. He continued his victorious career by winning the Gleveland stakes and Zetland biennial stakes, at Stockton-on-Tees, beating good fields. These performances, joined to his racing-like form, caused him to become the first favorite for the Derby. Indeed, such was his mature appearance, that, after winning at Goodwood, the owner of the second horse objected to his receiving the stakes, on the ground of his being a three-year-old. This objection was referred to the Jockey Club, the tribunal of all racing disputes, and Mr. Ten Broeck produced such convincing evidence of its falsity, that the decision was in favor of Umpire being the age represented. By the trainers at Newmarket he was pronounced a "Derby horse all over," and some idea may be formed of the high estimate entertained of his racing abilities, from the fact that he was backed to win the Derby for upward of a million of dollars. The Americans bet freely and heavily on him, and a good deal of money was sent from New York to invest on him for this race. Mr. Ten Broeck, it is said, backed him before Goodwood at the odds of one hundred to one, for the sum of $5000, thus standing to win half a million of dollars on him, in case of his success. But the golden rule of racing men is, always "to win and not lose," and this object is obtained by the process termed "hedging." Thus when Umpire became a favorite, and was freely backed by the public at five to one, Mr. Ten Broeck could, and doubtless did, bet $100,000 to $20,000 against him, and thus be in the agreeable position of winning $400,000 if he was successful, and $15,000 if he lost.

Had Umpire won this race, it is generally admitted that the betting-ring would have lost more money than was ever done on any previous occasion. In the winner, Thormanby, they also had a bad horse, as he was backed heavily, not only by the owner—who won upward of $350,000—but also by the general public, with whom he has always been a great favorite.

The race, however, is only a part of the day's amusements. Every body "goes in for fun," and plenty of sharps and flats come together in various ways. A few of the wayside sports are shown on the preceding page. The "Three-Card Trick" is common to our own race-courses. The gentleman who implores you to "try your lungs" may be seen in duplicate not a dozen steps from our New York City Hall, and in curious proximity to the Hall of St. Tammany, where anxious candidates have so often "tried their lungs." "Lager" takes the place of "Treble X" with us; and so far as our experience goes, the market price of "shocks" (of the electric kind) is higher here than in the mother country. "Crinoline on Stilts" has not yet been imported, and we do not believe this part of the show would succeed with Americans, even though the inevitable banjoist were appended. But why will not some one set up an American "Aunt Sally?" It seems, from our cut, a most innocent amusement; and its popularity in England—where staid parliament men, noble dukes and earls, grave judges, and stout elderly gentlemen take their shy at the black cutty-pipe, in common with school-boys and cabmen—seems to prove that there is really pleasure and excitement in it.

"Aunt Sally" is the effigy of a black wench, set up on a stick, with a pipe in her mouth. The players pay a certain sum for the privilege of shying a given number of wooden billets at this pipe. If they miss they are laughed at. For every hit they are rewarded with a little wooden doll, which it seems to be the fashion to carry temporarily stuck in the hat ribbon, and to offer to your friends on the way home at night.

What degree of proficiency is needed to strike the pipe from Aunt Sally's mouth is not mentioned. But as even a noble and short-sighted young duke could, by perseverance, fill his hat-ribbon with the wooden dolls, beginners may take courage.

THE JUNE MONTH.

THE waning of the sweet May moon
  June's laughing face discloses,
Her apron filled with butter-cups,
  Her bosom red with roses.

The blossom and the bursting bud
  Are woven in her tresses,
And every breeze that fans her cheek
  Comes laden with caresses.

The birdies leave the open plains
  And seek the hazel covers—
Some months were made for married life,
  But June was meant for lovers!

Perhaps you've seen a little maid
  With lips like rare-ripe cherries—
We're going down the meadow-path
  This afternoon for berries.

I'll tell you more about the walk
  Before the summer closes;
So fill a cup to laughing June,
  And wreathe its brim with roses!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1860.

RAILROAD HOMICIDES.

TWO little children walking upon the railroad track near Newark, New Jersey, the other day, were run over by the train, and one of them at least was instantly killed. The train was stopped, inquiry was made by the passengers, and they acquitted the engineer of all blame. It appeared that the children suddenly emerged upon the road, and were struck before the train could be stopped, although the brakes were instantly applied, and so strongly that there was a perceptible shock in the cars. Who was to blame? There are accidents which, however melancholy, are unavoidable. Was this one of them?

We grant that the engineer was not to blame. If a tree had suddenly fallen across the track, under the same circumstances, it is clear that the train must have rushed on. The children appeared as unexpectedly as a falling tree, and he could not help himself—or them. Were the children in fault? It can not be pretended, for they were mere children. No; this accident was among those which should be made impossible, by legally compelling all railroad companies carefully to fence in their tracks. There is nothing clearer than that heavy damages ought to be awarded in such a case, except that they will not be. A man who has dug a deep pit in front of his house, upon a crowded thoroughfare, and leaves it at night without a lantern, is unquestionably guilty of homicide if another man falls in and is killed; and a railroad company, whose track is so little guarded that children can climb up and suddenly appear upon the embankment, directly before an express train, is guilty of negligence equally criminal. Railroad companies in this country run for luck. Perhaps they do in other countries too; but our business is with our own faults, not those of other people. It has come to be an affair of calculation; and as it is found about as easy, and rather cheaper, to run the risk of damages, the companies all over the land are flagrantly careless of fencing and of road-crossings.

It is rather a melancholy result of some ninety years of national existence that human life, upon the whole, offers more in this country than in any other, and yet that it is cheaper here than elsewhere. And no legislation which looks simply to the preservation of life can be untimely or excessive. Nuisances are abated by law; the overcrowding of emigrant ships is legally forbidden; and a bill introduced into our last Legislature to control the erection and occupation of tenement-houses was a measure demanded by decency and humanity, although, unfortunately, it failed to become a law. It is certainly proper to watch jealously any interference of the law with private property; but the due security of the original rights of the citizen, among which life is the first, is the paramount duty of the State. It is doubtless expensive to fence all railroad tracks throughout, but a company which can not afford to do it can not afford to have a track; and as no company will take the step voluntarily, they should be compelled to do it; and wherever the line of fence is broken, for whatever purpose, there should be a gate and a man. It is the demand of humanity and common sense, and experience daily confirms its necessity.

THE LORDS AND COMMONS.

OF all decent, dignified, and dull bodies the English House of Lords is probably chief, except when Lord Brougham flashes his broad sense in the eyes of the country, or Lord Derby turns a polished period. But the House of Lords is just now making itself heard, and so audibly that the people of England are beginning to listen, and even to reply. Mr. Gladstone, in his budget, proposed to abolish the excise duty on paper—a tax which fell heavily upon a certain class, and was of course injurious to cheap literature—and to replace it by a penny in the pound upon the income tax. The measure passed the Commons; but the Lords threaten to disagree. The Commons are indignant, because, by the English Constitution, they are the originators of all supplies; and although a bill of taxation must be sanctioned by the Lords, the Commons hold that the sanction is a matter of course. The feeling is increased by the fact that the Lords have already approved the increased income tax, which was only a substitute for the paper duty.

The consequence of this movement is indignation meetings in the large cities of England, at which, of course, the whole position, character, and necessity of the House of Lords will be vehemently discussed. A body of hereditary legislators is, in its very nature, a dangerous body; and when they are brought into direct collision with the immediate representatives of the great mass of the people, upon a question which involves every man's pocket, they will be criticised with all the rigor of modern political philosophy. As might be supposed Mr. Bright leads the charge. He has already put himself upon the record in the question of Lords against Commons. He regards the Peers as a body sometimes ornamental, sometimes not, but always expensive and useless. The Upper House should certainly take care that it does not force the people of England to consider whether Mr. Bright's opinion may not be correct.

OUR VISITORS AND OURSELVES.

THERE are undoubtedly gentlemen and ladies in America, but what a pity that the Japanese will never know it! They have seen some, probably, during their visit here, but they could not know them in the multitude. They know the gentleman who smashed his hat over their eyes in Baltimore; the lady who filled up the window in Philadelphia; the shouting, staring, insulting mob which has dogged them every where. Perhaps the Baltimore gentleman was drunk. But what right have we to allow drunken men to insult strangers and guests? Suppose Mr. Dallas in England, or Mr. Faulkener in France, or Mr. Appleton, who is going to Russia, to be treated in those countries as we have treated the Japanese. We might not go to war about it, but we should certainly say that they were not yet sufficiently civilized to have embassadors sent to them.

The drollest part of the whole thing is that we speak of the Japanese as if they were barbarians and savages. But we have yet to read of the moment during these proceedings in which the Japanese gentlemen have not been quite as dignified, intelligent, and well-bred as any gentlemen in any country or time. The barbarism and savage behavior have been entirely upon our part; and it is a fair question whether the princes will not return with a profound regret that Japan has so far foregone her ancient traditions as to open her ports to the desolating influx of Western civilization.

The poor men have been carted about our noisome streets in the blazing mid-summer sun. They have seen the Battery, the Park, Trinity Church, the St. Nicholas Hotel, Grace Church, Union Place, the Statue of Washington, the Cooper Institute, and the Bowery. They have been blinded and deafened by a pageant utterly destitute of any thing which appeals to the imagination—and which is to a true pageant what the beating of a tom-tom is to music. It is to be hoped they will leave town before Mr. Heenan arrives. It would be a pity to have two great ovations conflicting with each other.

"THE WORLD."

THE new daily morning newspaper of which so much has been said, and whose issue was awaited with general curiosity, has at last appeared. It is a quarto sheet, rather larger than the similar journals, and in typographical complexion closely resembling the *Tribune*.

Of course those who are familiar with the workings of the newspaper world, and some who are not, know what a large outlay of capital, and what incessant effort, tact, ability, and experience are necessary in the conduct of a daily metropolitan sheet of the claims and scope of the *World*. They also know that the profits of such a paper are not derived from the sale of the copies, but from the advertisements. It is pleasant, therefore, to observe that the new enterprise starts with well-filled advertising columns; and if it shall pursue the policy of reasonable charges, we see no reason to apprehend that those columns will be soon stripped.

Of the feasibility of a new morning paper, and of its ultimate success without materially injuring any paper now existing, we have little doubt, if it be only wisely conducted. The field of such competition is an omnibus—there is always room for one more, provided he knows how to keep his seat. Of course it is an animated struggle. In these days, and in this country, a paper must understand what audience it means to address; and the sagacity of an editor is proved by the accuracy of his estimation of the number and power of that audience.

The *World* takes its ground fairly. It proposes to give the news as news, not as material for grotesque comment; to discuss all questions of public interest from the Christian point of view; and, in general, to seek rather to lead than to follow public opinion. Its price is very small. One cent for a copy of such a paper seems incredible. But we do the proprietors the justice to believe that they have not undertaken the matter without careful consideration of that and all other points.

We welcome the *World* into the ranks, and wish it a long and prosperous career.

THE LOUNGER.

A LITTLE JOURNEY AT HOME.

THE other morning the Lounger made an "uncommercial" journey. It was not in unknown countries, and yet it was a journey of exploration and discovery. His route lay through the Bowery and the Third Avenue to Thirteenth Street, where he left the car in which, with a friend bent upon the same purpose, he had accomplished so much of the distance; and turning into Thirteenth Street East they coasted along the area railings until they reached Number 137. The house looks like a thousand other houses in New York, just as San Salvador looked like a hundred other islands that Columbus had seen. A comely maid was sweeping the hot sidewalk in front, a strawberry woman was calling out with a shrill voice that she had the fruit to sell, and a dust wagon jogged by jerking out petulant little rings from a string of bells that hung behind the driver's seat. No. 137 East Thirteenth Street is a pleasant, handsome house in a pleasant, handsome part of the street, and we rang the bell cheerfully, chatting of many things, but carefully saying very little of what we had come to see.

No, it was not a dentist's; it was not a celebrated surgeon's; it was not a fashionable "meedjums;" it was not a convenient clergyman's, who was about to unite the Lounger and his friend (whose sex, it will be observed, has not yet been mentioned) in the holy bonds of matrimony. No, it was what in many guesses you would scarcely guess. Did you know that about one in every six hundred children is born imbecile? We had come to see a school for idiot children. You think it not a very pleasant business for the fresh June morning? But if the noblest metaphor of the divine coming be that it makes the wilderness blossom like the rose, what will you say of that advent of divine light which irradiates the hitherto blank desert of a human soul with knowledge? We all have a very great and very natural admiration of the heroic men who explore what seem inaccessible mountain heights, who pierce the polar mystery, and push trails across waste plains. Whoever attempts an apparently impossible victory over the impediments of outward nature is canonized in our wonder and respect. What shall we say, then, of him who believes that he can throw a ray of light across the dense darkness of intellectual and moral night? Whatever we ought to say we don't say much. In all matters of moral and intellectual and physical progress we have complacently made up our minds that virtue is its own reward. Edward Jenner was certainly one of the greatest of human benefactors. The saving of life since his discovery of vaccination has been immense. But when it was proposed to give him twenty thousand pounds by Parliament there was a tremendous outcry, and with difficulty ten thousand were voted. Suppose he had been Major-General Edward Jenner, K.C.B., and had murdered a few hundred natives in India: he would have returned to England in a whirlwind of glory—would have knelt before the King and risen Baron Jenner of Jenner, or the most noble the Marquis of the Ganges, with estates and revenues without end.

Perhaps we think of these things as we stand upon the door-step of No. 137, and are presently admitted. The interior of the house is light and airy; and after waiting for a moment in a little reception-room, Mr. Richards, the Principal, enters, and then we all go up to the school-room.

For twelve years Mr. Richards has been devoted to this purpose. Like Doctor Howe in Massachusetts, and men in Europe, whose names are illustrious among a very few as practical philanthropists, Mr. Richards early followed the leading of his special capacity, and for four or five years was assistant Professor of the Idiotic Asylum of Massachusetts, for three years Principal of the Philadelphia Training School for idiotic and feeble-minded children, and for about three years past has conducted a private school of the same kind in Harlem, New York. Now Harlem is a very pleasant spot, and reasoning by the Railway Guide, it is not very far off. But practically Harlem is six thousand miles from New York. Who has not been through Harlem? But who ever saw any body stop there? When Mr. Richards went to Harlem, therefore, he withdrew from the world. He has lately returned, and now conducts his school, which is private, at the number in the street already mentioned.

At present he has but eight pupils; the eldest is a girl about fourteen, the youngest a boy about five. They sat in a spacious room full of light, with a large bow window looking out over gardens to St. George's Church. It is, probably, the cheerfulest school-room in the city. As we entered they all looked at us from their seats at little desks, and we looked curiously at them. It was a sad sight—sunny as the room was. The children were perfectly neat in their clothes and persons, they made no noise—two or three had a restless motion of the head; but you felt precisely as Mr. Richards said, that here were human beings "arrested in their development." One boy, little George, about eight years old, sat perfectly motionless in his small chair, his attenuated hands crossed in his lap, a kind of set half smile upon his face, and his eyes, generally fixed, had a dazzled look as if covered by a film. They were half gentle but wild, like the eyes of an animal—a gazelle, for instance, without the bright clearness. His difficulty is tendency to insanity. He has not spoken for a long time; but he seemed so refined and affectionate that my friend was sure he could make him speak after a short intercourse.

Charley, from Mississippi, is the latest comer and the most active of all. When he came he was quite ungovernable—tearing off his clothes, screaming, and, like most of them, personally filthy. He is about thirteen years old, and there is a winning, humorous twinkle in his eye which seems to be the gleam of the usual human intelligence through the cloud in which it is inscrutably enveloped. He picked out letters from the cards upon the table, spelling man, and dog, and cat; selected from a basket of colored wooden balls those that matched the cups and put them in, and without hesitation separated a cupful of beads into their various colors. But he was very much troubled about the bow of his cravat, which he had pulled off the day before, and, with a seeming smile, perpetually appealed to our sympathy for his loss, patting the place where it belonged and vaguely trying to say bow. They are almost all and always dumb, making the sound which is produced by holding the tongues passive in the mouth. In every manner, therefore, Mr. Richards seeks to cultivate the muscles of the mouth and throat by direct vocal gymnastics, "burring" with the tongue and lips, thrusting the tongue out and moving it about, and by mastication. Most of these unfortunates are fed upon milk and liquid food as being the more readily swallowed. It is a habit, of course, which only increases the difficulty.

One of the brightest boys in the little school is Johnny, and also one of the most hapless. He has a partial paralysis, and chorea, or St. Vitus's dance. He is about thirteen. His mouth, which is large, is incessantly and spasmodically moving, and his chin is constantly slobbered, so that he wears a thick bib which is frequently changed. But his dark eyes are full of intelligence; and, if I may use such a word, he seemed to have more intellectual interest and coherency than any of the children. He spelled the words of one syllable nimbly, upon the board with the sliding block letters, although his poor little arms and hands twisted and struggled sadly. When he had done his task he looked for approval, and laughed as if he enjoyed his success. He could make no articulate sound; but he pointed to the shirt collar of Mr. Richards, as if meaning something, and when Mr. R. asked him if his mamma would make him some collars when he stopped drooling, he pointed to his own neck, and laughed with intelligent glee.

Addy, the oldest girl, took me about the room and showed me the pictures of animals in which the children greatly delight. Then she read lines of one-syllabled words, "the cow is in the barn," which she pronounced slowly and with great effort. Mr. Richards told her to spell the line at the board. She went as far as "the cow," and could go no further. She smiled all the time she was doing it, but not idiotically, and occasionally, with an air of expression, said something that had a vague and shadowy resemblance to familiar words.

Half of these poor children are physically diseased, and I do not forget the thin, pale, sad face and withered little hands of one girl, about eleven years old, who is weakened by a daily epileptic attack, and moves slowly about, bent like a woman of ninety. But during the three hours that we remained with them they were as quiet an eight children as you can any where see. Charley, indeed, was continually doing something—looking into Johnny's desk, or jumping up and urging a more active sympathy in the bow business—evidently wanting to do something all the time. But it was all good-humored—there seemed to be no malice. There were no efforts at attack or defense, except once when Charley came too far within Johnny's lines, upon which Johnny resisted. But a firm, loud word from Mr. Richards cleared the difficulty in a moment. Both children stopped, and Johnny laughed, and Charley bethought him of the bow. And when I remembered that these innocents, so cheerful, so childishly merry and naturally quiet, wallowed in filth, shouted, screamed, raged, were a hundred-fold worse than little brutes but a few years and even months since, how could I help feeling the justice of what Mr. Richards said, that he did not dare to set any limit to their possible improvement? The difficulty with them seems to be but a cataract over the mind. They are intellectually blind. But as patience and tenderness and skill can remove the film from the outer eye, and if it can not restore full sight, can yet give a glimmering sense of light, so the same treatment, infinitely patient, infinitely tender, infinitely faithful and skillful, may lift the shadow from these souls, so that, at the very least, they may catch some wavering sense of the divine love and beauty. And in all the exquisite detail of creation, where even the tips of bees' wings and feet have their kindly office to perform in fructifying the wild flowers, is there any thing more beautiful than that some are called and fitted and anxious to gather the lambs which seemed mere senseless stocks and stones, and were utterly outcast and disregarded, into the warm fold of the Father?

It is a journey which we shall make again, and report to the reader.

A STATESMAN.

K. asks what constitutes a statesman? Can we better define him than as a man who comprehends the great principles of national progress, and understands the methods by which the results of those principles may be wisely accomplished? The word, of course, may have a very arbitrary meaning given to it. Talleyrand and Metternich may be called great statesmen; but if we do so, there are two classes of governors, each of which is superior to those men, for whom we have no word left—such, for instance, as Napoleon Bonaparte and Edmund Burke. Bonaparte had the perception and the executive power, and did something more than hold on, which was the peculiar work of Talleyrand and Metternich; and Burke had profound political instincts, but little practical administrative power.

To speak frankly, there is no entirely satisfactory statesman in history. The profoundest statesmanship must have all its policy upon human fraternity, not upon what is called patriotism, or exclusive devotion to a part of the world and its population. A true statesmanship regards other states precisely as good neighborhood contemplates neighbors, with a regard to the general not to the individual welfare. No good neighbor, for instance, will improve his own estate at the expense of his neighbor's. He will forego that Norway spruce, splendid as it is, because it cuts off a pretty view from Smith's window.

If any statesman has proceeded upon that principle, his name is not known to the Lounger. Our own statesmen have usually advocated that policy which suited the section of the country from which they came, without regard to the question whether it suited the rest of the world. Thus, as a rule, from the North, or the manufacturing section, they have strongly favored protection; from the South, or the producing section, they have urged free trade. That is to say, statesmanship is generally understood to mean the sharpest look-out for Number One. Do you say, "Of course; so it has always been, and so it always will be." Exactly; and therefore I say no historical statesman is altogether satisfactory. But you see at once, if we ask each other, "What *is* looking out for Number One? Did Benedict Arnold do it when he made his bargain, or Nathan Hale, when he regretted he had but one life to give to his country, or Arnold von Winkelried, when he drew the sheaf of deadly spears into his own breast?" Why, then, we find that if man lives by bread alone, the more bread he gets the better; but if not, then he must discover what else it is that he lives by. Do you say that William Pitt was a great statesman because he preserved to England the trial of her system of constitutional government, which was attacked by despotism from without? I say, so far he was. But he could be truly great only as he was eliminating injustice from that system as fast and as far as he could, without risking the whole. Did he do that? If he did, he was a great statesman.

A DIFFERENCE.

Apropos of Earl Grey's late speech upon American affairs, in which his lordship stated that we were about falling into anarchy, "an Englishman, who has lived a few years in America," sends the Lounger the following sensible and admirable remarks:

"An English statesman regards the English government as above or superior to the English people; existing as a fruit or result of the efforts of the whole country. And the people themselves, as a body, have the same idea. Between them they pet it and polish it and hold it up for admiration.

"It *is* admirable. We all know that there are *no imperfections* in it.

"An American citizen regards government as a necessary evil; entirely inferior to himself, and his servant; to be kept in control, and to be tolerated because it is necessary, and up to that point only.

"The American government does not require any fine-drawn statesmanship or political finesse; and here it differs entirely from all European powers. The country has no 'entangling alliances.' It is not surrounded and crowded by other powers all envious of its growth. It has a continent to expand over. And what it requires, and what it has, and what is doing its work, is man's strength and energy, called out by his own selfish will and not by the power of government."

DICKENS'S LAST.

The reader of the *Weekly* may have observed a series of papers by Dickens, published in these columns in advance from "All the Year Round," and called "The Uncommercial Traveler." They are brief essays—descriptive, humorous, and thoughtful—upon the little events of the author's daily experience; including such subjects as a visit to the scene of a famous shipwreck, an imaginary tour through Europe, as he seats himself for a moment in a traveling carriage; a visit to a poor-house for old women in London; to a Liverpool work-house, where the returned soldiers from the Crimea were treated; to some of the old parish churches of London; to the preaching in theatres; upon the habits of animals and birds in the poorer quarters of London, etc., etc. The sketches are not long, but they are very characteristic, as showing the accuracy of observation, the quick sympathy, the felicitous humor, and the humanity which belong to Dickens. They do not spare the sharpest satire upon red tape and the Circumlocution Office; and when we Americans feel a little sour because Dickens found something to laugh at and condemn even in our sacred selves, let us remember that he has been so relentlessly severe upon nothing as upon what he considers the sins and absurdities of England. In his day there has been no more incessant, radical, and powerful reformer than he. For the first grand step in a reform is to show the real character of the thing you wish to alter. Then iniquity pleads against itself, and crime convicts itself.

To a man like Dickens, London, of course, offers an endless variety of curious research. His mind and body are constantly on the alert. He goes to see and judge things by his own eyes and mind; and peers into every venerable retreat, every dusty and cobwebbed building, or institution, or system, and tells an interesting tale of what he sees. There is a peculiar charm in these journeys of an uncommercial traveler which every reader will be glad to share.

THE ABBOTT MUSEUM.

The famous Egyptian collection of the late Dr. Abbott has at length been secured to this city. The subscription was taken in hand by many of the wealthiest citizens, and the thirty thousand dollars has been raised under the auspices of the Historical Society. This museum was collected by Dr. Abbott during his residence of many years in Cairo. He went thither originally in the service of Mehemet Ali, and after retiring from his position under that Pacha, remained in Cairo, in which city the American visitor, at any time during the dozen years before his death, will not fail to recall his frank, genial friendliness and simplicity. Dr. Abbott adopted the Oriental costume, preferred Eastern life, and married in Egypt. He was always there to hear of any new discoveries or interesting researches; he had friends among all the dragomen and agents, and was constantly accumulating Egyptian treasures, among the most curious of which is the ring of Cheops, found in the great pyramid of Ghizeh.

The Abbott collection is a positive addition to the real wealth of New York. The sum of thirty thousand dollars has not lately been more wisely expended.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Helicon has so overflowed into the Lounger's-Letter-box that he wishes to say (if the melodious water will allow) that he shall hereafter make no mention of the verses which are sent to him and declined. Whatever seems to him good enough to be shared by the public he will print when he can. The Lounger kindly thanks the many unknown friends who have chosen him as their god-father before the public; and he regrets that he is obliged to decline to say even those few words which it is always agreeable to an author to hear, although they may be words of refusal.

LOVE'S TENDENCY.

These little verses recall the strain of Charles Lamb's "To Hester," without in the least imitating them:

She is not rich, she is not learned,
She is not known for beauty;
This, and this only is discerned—
She does her duty.

She is her mother's staff and joy,
Her image too—a matron
Youthful and tidy, quiet, coy—
And I her patron,

Sending her little gifts, of book
And flower and toy. She only
Repays the courtesy by a look
Which seems less lonely.

These favors, of her life a part,
Become the maiden's treasure;
Already feels the mother's heart
A loss of measure.

Above its rock aspires the vine,
Its youthful tendrils greeting
Yon neighboring oak, whose branches fine
Await its meeting.

And from its hold nor storm nor stroke
The vine can wrench or sever;
It dies at last when falls the oak,
Faithful forever. Luna.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

No Matter Now!—A party of belated gentlemen, about a certain hour, began to think of home and their wives' displeasure, and urge a departure. "Never mind," said one of the guests, "fifteen minutes now will make no difference; my wife is as mad now as she can be."

"John, I saw your cousin Isaac a few weeks ago, and he had just received a fall, which cut a most horrible gash in his arm."—"Ah, poor fellow, what did he fall on?"—"Well, really, I forget now; but it rather strikes me he fell on Tuesday morning."

"Why, Jimmy," said one professional beggar to another, "are you going to knock off already? It's only two o'clock."—"No, you mutton head," responded the other, who was engaged in unbuckling his crutch. "I'm only going to put it on the other knee. You don't suppose a fellow can beg all day on the same leg, do you?"

A thing takes its character from the way in which we view it. Thus, when Dr. Spooner dined with a friend who had three turbulent sons, and they got into a row at the table, resulting in throwing the soup in each other's faces, the father turned to the Doctor with the simple remark, "Boys will be lively, Sir."

A schoolmaster was one day questioning a class, and asked how many senses there were. "Seven, Sir," said a little fellow, with great confidence, drawing himself up to his topmost height. "Prove it," said his master. "Well, taste is one; feeling, two; smelling, three; two ears, five; and two eyes makes seven."

Buttons are sometimes made to do duty for which they were not originally intended when the contribution box is passed round. A venerable preacher once rebuked the custom as follows: "My Christian friends, a collection will be made for the benefit of the heathen in the Sandwich Islands. And here I wish to warn those of you who put in buttons against the too prevalent custom of flattening down the eyes, which, while it has no effect in deceiving the poor heathen into the use of these articles for coin, nevertheless renders them totally useless for buttons."

WHAT AILED HIM?

A late number of the *Albion* has a good anecdote of a man who rarely failed to go to bed intoxicated, and disturb his wife the whole night. Upon his being charged by a friend that he never went to bed sober, he indignantly denied the charge, and gave the incidents of one particular night in proof:

"Pretty soon after I got into bed, my wife said,

"'Why, husband, what is the matter with you? You act strangely!'

"'There's nothing the matter with me,' said I; 'nothing at all.'

"'I'm sure there is,' said she; 'you don't act natural at all. Sha'n't I get up and get something for you?'

"And she got up, lighted a candle, and came to the bedside to look at me, shading the light with her hand.

"'I knew there was something strange about you,' said she; 'why, *you are sober!*'

"Now this is a fact, and my wife will swear to it; so don't you slander me any more by saying that I haven't been to bed sober in six months, 'cause I have."

At the March term of the Montgomery Circuit Court, Indiana, a prisoner by the name of Keeney was tried upon a charge of an assault and battery. He was a butcher by profession, and had always been fully alive to the importance of procuring patrons and customers. The jury, after a short retirement, returned into court a verdict of "Not Guilty." Keeney looked around as if something was expected of him, and rising up, he turned to the jury, bowed to them with a grateful air, and remarked, "Gentlemen of the jury, I am much obliged to you for your very liberal patronage."

One day as Mr. C—— was limping down the High Street of Edinburgh, from the Court of Sessions, he overheard a young lady say to her companion, rather loudly, "That is Mr. C——, the lame lawyer." Upon which he turned round, and, with his usual force of expression, said, "No, madam, I am a lame man, but not a lame lawyer."

A New Study.—Buckham officiated as Professor at the Teacher's Convention, and convulsed the audience by relating an anecdote. He said that at the first district school he ever taught he announced one day that on the following Monday he would commence a parsing class. A bright-eyed little girl, one of the pupils, ran home and burst into her mother's parlor, where a sewing society was in session, and, with uplifted hands, cried: "Oh, mother, Mr. Buckham is going to have a sparking class!" The sewing society was delighted to hear it.

Reply to a Challenge.—Shortly after the battle of Princeton, a witty Scotch farmer amused himself by writing a humorous ballad upon it, which so stung one of the officers, who had behaved very badly on this occasion, that he sent the poet a challenge to meet him at H——, for mortal combat. The second found the farmer busy with his pitchfork, to whom he delivered the challenge of the redoubtable hero. The good-humored farmer, turning toward him, with his agricultural implement in his hand, coolly said, "Gang awa' back to Mester Smith, and tell him I hae nae time to come to H—— to give him satisfaction; but that if he likes to come here, I'll just do as he did—I'll run awa'!"

Some time since, while in the employ of a well-established mercantile house, I witnessed a laughable incident. Mr. F., the senior partner of the firm, was a great boaster. He boasted of his great business qualifications—his keen perception, etc. But above all, the old gentleman boasted of being a good and plain penman. This none could deny, for the reason that none had ever seen a sample of his penmanship: for he never wrote or answered letters himself. But it one day happened that Mr. F. received a message from a neighboring house that required an immediate answer, and being so busy that he could not answer it in person, he hastily wrote a few lines and dispatched them. Soon the messenger returned, and handed Mr. F. a note. Supposing it to be an answer to his own, Mr. F. opened it; but with all his business tact he could not decipher three words, and handing it to one of his partners, he remarked, with a contemptuous smile,

"Pretty writing that! Who the deuce does he suppose can read it? If I could not write decently I would not write at all."

"Beg pardon, Sir," said the messenger, "but that is the reason Mr. A. sent it back; *he* could not read it *himself*."

"Read it! How the deuce does he expect *I* can read it, then?"

"But, Sir, that is *your own writing*."

"Eh! what! My writing?" And Mr. F.'s face changed color as he grasped the missive from his partner's hand, and again bringing it to the light, exclaimed, "Why, bless me, so it is; *and just as plain as day!*"

Mrs. Dr. Lydia Sayer Hasbrouck advertises in her last *Sibyl:*

WANTED.

An intended bride who is willing to begin housekeeping in the same style in which her parents began.

Twenty fashionable young ladies, who dare to be seen wielding a dusting brush or darning their brothers' stockings if a gentleman should happen to make an early morning call.

Ten independent young ladies of "good families," who dare to wear their last winter's bonnet to church on a fine Sunday.

Fourteen young ladies, "who are anybody," who dare to be seen in the street wearing shoes with soles thick enough to keep their feet warm.

Fifty young ladies of sufficient age "to go in company," who dare confess they have ever made a loaf of bread or a pudding.

It is said that Hobbs, the famous locksmith, has succeeded in picking one of Banquo's gory locks; he did it with a pickaxe, and succeeded so well, he has gone to work on a wedlock.

"What a fine head your boy has!" said an admiring friend. "Yes," said the fond father, "he's a chip of the old block—ain't you, my boy?" "Yes, father, teacher said yesterday that I was a young blockhead."

One ought to have dates at one's finger ends, seeing they grow upon the palm.

A gentleman who spoke of having been *struck* by a lady's beauty was advised to kiss the rod.

The rhymer who wrote the line, "*Dear* to me is the surf-tossed beach," probably had in his mind the recollection of his bill at some sea-side hotel.

"There, John, that's twice you've come home and forgotten that lard." "La, mother, it was so greasy that it slipped my mind."

A man in battle is not allowed to whistle to keep his courage up, and the whistling of the bullets doesn't have that tendency.

"That was a severe coughing-fit," remarked a sexton to an undertaker, when they were taking a glass together. "Oh, 'tis nothing save a little ale which went down the wrong way," replied the undertaker. "Ah, ah! that's just like you," said the sexton, "you always lay the coffin on the bier."

"Is your horse gentle, Mr. Dabster?" "Perfectly gentle, Sir; the only fault he has got (if that be a fault) is a playful habit of extending his hinder hoofs now and then." "By extending his hinder hoofs you don't mean kicking, I hope?" "Some people call it kicking, Mr. Green; but it's only a slight reaction of the muscles; a disease rather than a vice."

"Jim, how does the thermometer stand to-day?" "Ours stands on the mantle-piece, right agin the plastering."

The following appears in the *Sibyl* from one of the sisters:

How long shall woman be oppressed
By man's strong, powerful hand;
Who will arise—her wrongs redress,
In this fair, fertile land?
Men, turn the scales, step in our place,
Wear our long robes and fetters,
Stay in the house and sew or knit,
Or cook all day for betters.

From week to week—from year to year
Pursue these rounds of duty,
With what we get as recompense,
And see if it will suit you.
And if you fear a pauper's doom,
And should a dollar save,
Just think of being robbed of that
By stronger hands and brave.

Why is a fool like a needle?—He has an eye but no head.

Once in a minute, twice in a moment, once in a man's life?—The letter M.

What throat is the best for a singer to reach high notes with?—A soar throat.

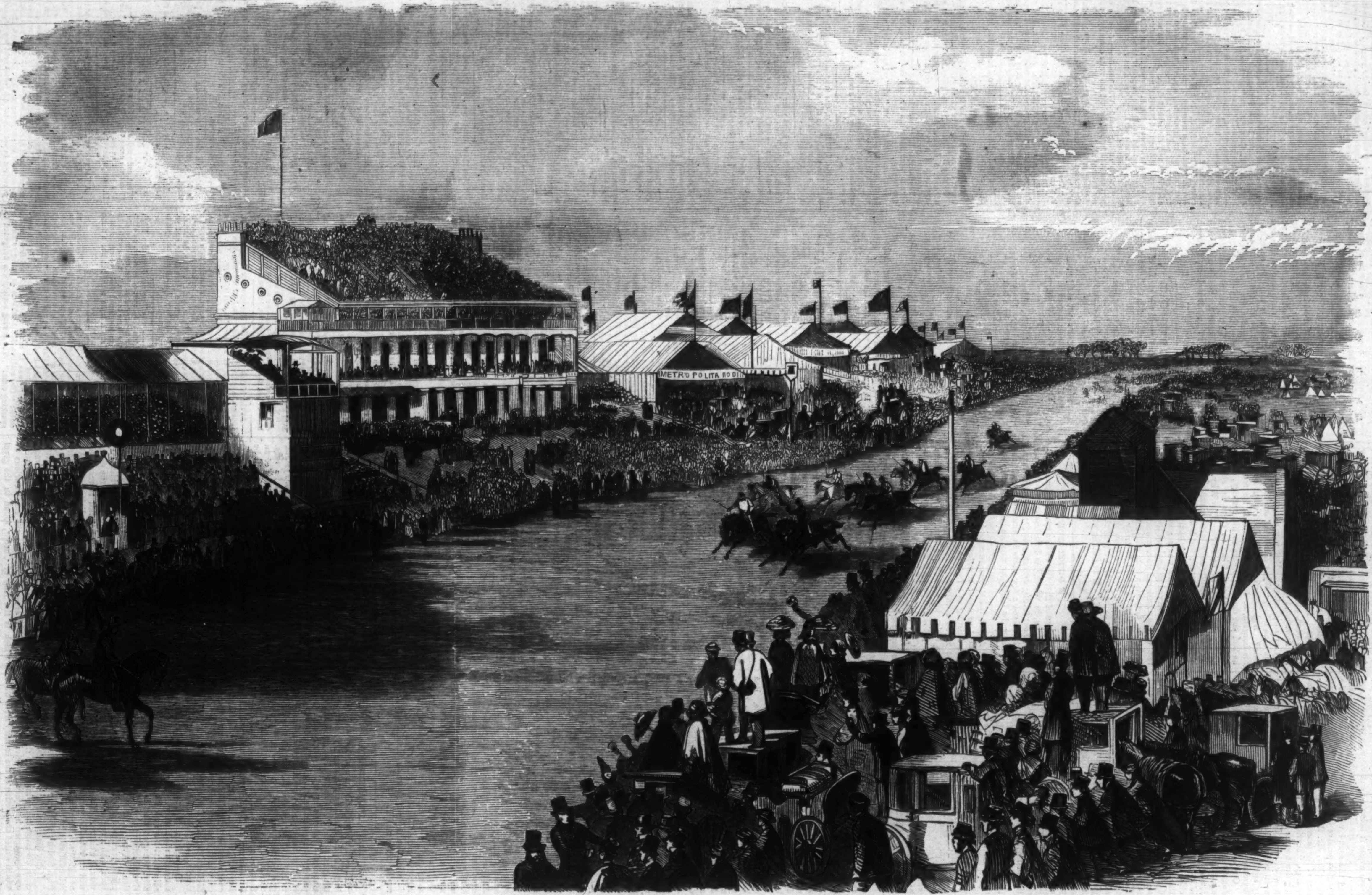
Why is a man who carries a watch invariably behind in his appointments?—Because he is always behind his time.

If a young lady has a *pain* in her side, can she relieve it by wearing a *sash?*

EPITAPH ON A BARBER.

What annoyed other folks never spoiled his repose;
'Twas the same thing to him whether stocks fell or rose;
For blast or for mildew he cared not a pin—
His crops never failed, for they grew on the chin.

A Fair Conclusion.—Sitting by her Edwin, at breakfast, the other morning, Angelina read the following in the *Illustrated News:* "It is stated that a plan is on foot for the establishment of paper-mills in the metropolis of breweries—Burton-on-Trent. 'Spent-hops' are to be worked up and supplied to the market in the form of paper. Samples of the manufacture are now on view." "Oh, me!" cried Angelina, who in her excitement was regardless of her grammar, "Edwin, dear, you *must* buy me some of this hop-paper. You know, love, that you've *promised* to let me have a *dance* next month, and *hop*-paper will so nicely do to write the notes on!"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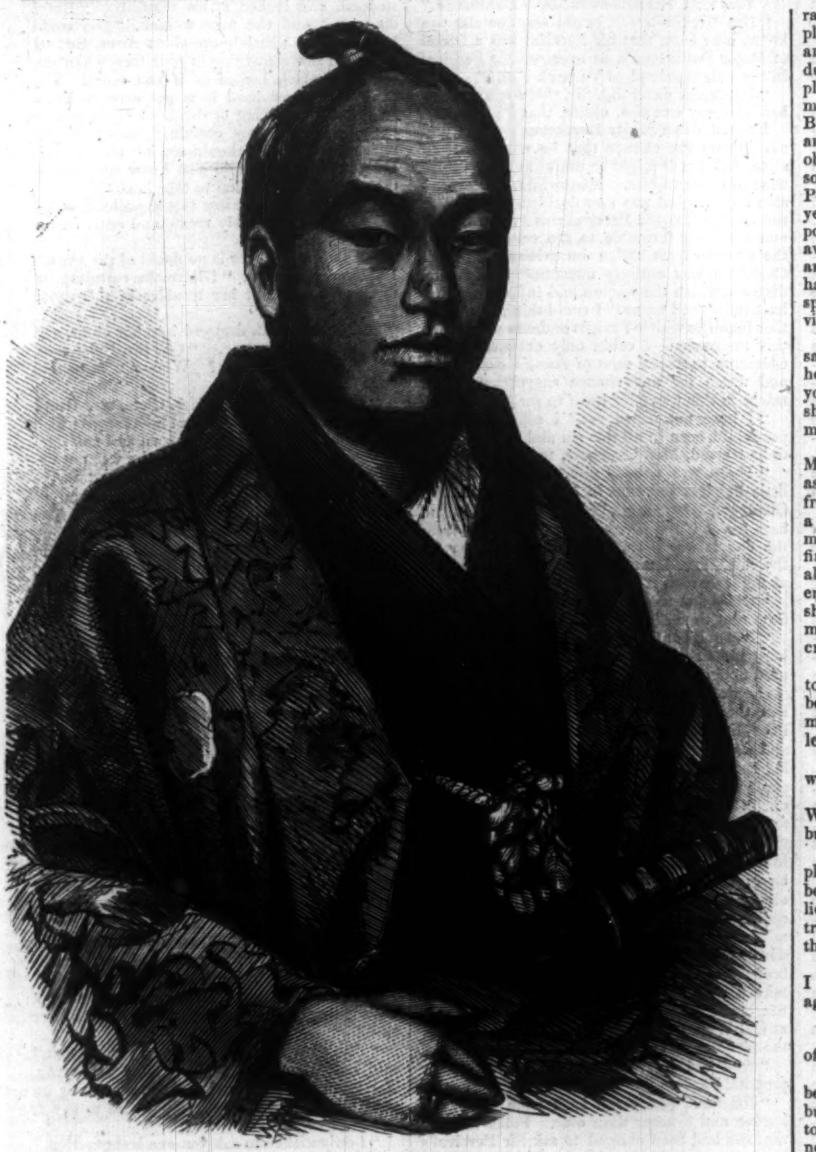
EPSOM RACE-COURSE—THE COMING IN.—[SEE PAGE 385.]



"TOMMY," THE FAVORITE OF THE LADIES.—[From a Photograph by Brady.]

"TOMMY."

We give herewith an excellent likeness of "Tataiesi Owasjero," the youngest of the interpreters connected with the Japanese Embassy, who has become so general a favorite in Washington, and particularly with the ladies. "Tommy," as he is called by his American friends, is the son of the elder interpreter, and seems to be a young fellow of great good-nature, considerable presence of mind, and a "way" of adapting himself to new scenes and strange company which delights all his visitors. The *Tribune* correspondent says of him:

"With 'Tommy' near, sobriety departs. This is the young interpreter (Tataiesi Owajsero), who, by virtue of absolute recklessness and a purely American spirit of devilry, has won the jolly nickname in which he much rejoices. Coming, now, in presence of higher officers, he reduces himself for a moment to preternatural tameness, but, his mission having ended with a phrase or two, he darts away again in his usual frantic state. The humor of Tommy finds expression in the queerest tricks. The other day he inveigled a small boy into his room, did then and there bedeck him with red silk trowsers, and sent him forth into the hotel parlor, an object of public ridicule. Last night he got, by some means, a paper garrote collar, which, with infinite difficulty, he arranged about his own brown neck, American fashion, and paraded himself about, among his fellows, like a peacock with an entirely new feather in his tail.

"Tommy confesses to a passionate adoration of the feminine charms he finds surrounding him. The American ladies seem to have got into his head. He has confided to me an earnest desire to discover a suitable wife in this country, with whom he may peacefully live forever, without a thought of returning to Japan. When fans are handed to him for his autograph, he writes upon them, 'I like American lady very much;' 'I want to marry and live here with pletty lady'—('pletty' being an emendation of his own upon 'pretty'). Moreover, the sentiments of Tommy appear to be liberally reciprocated. He is a thorough pet. Bevies of maidens gaze beneficently upon him all day, and until late in the evening, and extend to him unreluctant hands. Matrons, too, proffer him attentions; but, with keen discrimination, he is generally taken with a fit of business when the smiles that greet him are not smiles of youthful beauty. Whether Tommy will or will not be spoiled by the favors that descend upon him, is a question that seriously agitates his older and more experienced companions, who occasionally strive, without much effect, to subdue his tumultuous temper.

"Tommy has already learned to sing and whistle—a great acquisition, since the Japanese are not a singing people, and have but few musical instruments. He has already mastered 'Hail Columbia' and 'Pop Goes the Weasel,' which he persists in calling 'Poppy Goes the Weasel,' and thinks the extra syllable rather a good thing. I regret to say he is extending his American acquirements in a less praiseworthy direction; for he is getting to swear after a curious manner, and, when overexcited, mingles undue profanity with his conversation in very inapplicable ways. But Tommy has no notion of impropriety connected with his oaths; he looks upon them as emphatic expletives, which, having heard, he he can not do better than to cherish and make use of.

"A beautiful little girl, six or seven years old, was brought by Mayor Berret to see the Japanese. Tommy directly assumed a deep interest in her. He explained to her all sorts of things, and for once repressed his boisterous instincts. He kept calling all his companions to look at the pretty stranger, and when she was about going away, asked: 'Is it permitted here to kiss a little girl so young as that?' adding that in Japan it was considered exactly the correct thing to do.

During their recent visit to the Philadelphia Mint, the *Times* correspondent says:

"Female human nature suffered an irrepressible conflict when it was announced that Tommy was in the room, and had just gone. The girls of the room where the gold pieces are filed to exactly the proper weight prevailed upon some gentlemen to have Tommy come back, and back he came in company with his namesake, Councilman Thomas, of Philadelphia, for whom he has formed quite an attachment. The two or three favored girls were introduced, and the Japanese beau made his sweetest bow, and soon retired. The disappearance of the Japanese from the room was, however, the occasion of quite a revolution in the demeanor of the girls. They took possession of places at the windows where they thought they could view unobserved the *personnel* of the embassy, and their eyes glistened through the chinks like so many diamonds studding the window-frames."

Of the same visit the *Herald* writer says:

"During all this time the Japanese of the lower order were bowing to and exchanging smiles with the crowd. I am told that Tommy, at one point of the journey, created considerable amusement by imprinting a vigorous kiss on the cheek of a young lady who held out her hand to him, and which he took hold of, and so drew her near him. He is just the boy to play the gallant, and rash enough to set a house on fire.

"Apropos of Tommy, let me say, I think his love adventures have become somewhat magnified. Though decidedly good-looking, and a pet of the ladies, he is not an Adonis, nor do I believe he is sighing, crying, or dying for love. He smiles sweetly on all, and bestows upon one the bouquet he gets from another. In short, Tommy is something of a male coquette, and, I think, takes too much delight in general admiration to break his heart over the loss of one assortment of crinoline. His hair is just as sleek, his trowsers as unruffled, and his appetite as good as when he landed. Therefore I conclude that Tommy's love-scrape will not result disastrously to himself. He never forgets his duty to his superiors, and though, as I have said, the son of a Prince, waits until the princes go first, and bows lowly as they pass."

Such is Tommy, whose portrait our lady readers will be especially glad to see.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

WALTER HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

Thus far the information which I had received from Mrs. Clements—though it established facts of which I had not previously been aware—was of a preliminary character only. It was clear that the series of deceptions which had removed Anne Catharick to London and separated her from Mrs. Clements had been accomplished solely by Count Fosco and the Countess; and the question whether any part of the conduct of husband or wife had been of a kind to place either of them within reach of the law might be well worthy of future consideration. But the purpose I had now in view led me in another direction than this. The immediate object of my visit to Mrs. Clements was to make some approach at least to the discovery of Sir Percival's secret; and she had said nothing, as yet, which advanced me on my way to that important end. I felt the necessity of trying to awaken her recollections of other times, persons, and events, than those on which her memory had hitherto been employed; and when I next spoke, I spoke with that object indirectly in view.

"I wish I could be of any help to you in this sad calamity," I said. "All I can do is to feel heartily for your distress. If Anne had been your own child, Mrs. Clements, you could have shown her no truer kindness—you could have made no readier sacrifices for her sake."

"There's no great merit in that, Sir," said Mrs. Clements, simply. "The poor thing was as good as my own child to me. I nursed her from a baby, Sir, bringing her up by hand; and a hard job it was to rear her. It wouldn't go to my heart so to lose her if I hadn't made her first short-clothes, and taught her to walk. I always said she was sent to console me for never having chick or child of my own. And now she's lost, the old times keep coming back to my mind; and, even at my age, I can't help crying about her—I can't, indeed, Sir!"

I waited a little to give Mrs. Clements time to compose herself. Was the light that I had been looking for so long now glimmering on me—far off, as yet—in the good woman's recollections of Anne's early life?

"Did you know Mrs. Catherick before Anne was born?" I asked.

"Not very long, Sir—not above four months. We saw a great deal of each other in that time, but we were never very friendly together."

Her voice was steadier as she made that reply. Painful as many of her recollections might be, I observed that it was, unconsciously, a relief to her mind to revert to the dimly seen troubles of the past, after dwelling so long on the vivid sorrows of the present.

"Were you and Mrs. Catherick neighbors?" I inquired, leading her memory on as encouragingly as I could.

"Yes, Sir—neighbors at Old Welmingham."

"*Old* Welmingham? There are two places of that name, then, in Hampshire?"

"Well, Sir, there used to be in those days—better than three-and-twenty years ago. They built a new town about two miles off, convenient to the river; and Old Welmingham, which was never much more than a village, got in time to be deserted. The new town is the place they call Welmingham now; but the old parish church is the parish church still. It stands by itself, with the houses pulled down, or gone to ruin, all round it. I've lived to see sad changes. It was a pleasant, pretty place in my time."

"Did you live there before your marriage, Mrs. Clements?"

"No, Sir—I'm a Norfolk woman. It wasn't the place my husband belonged to either. He was from Grimsby, as I told you; and he served his apprenticeship there. But having friends down south, and hearing of an opening, he got into business at Southampton. It was in a small way, but he made enough for a plain man to retire on, and settled at Old Welmingham. I went there with him when he married me. We were neither of us young; but we lived very happy together—happier than our neighbor, Mr. Catherick, lived along with his wife when they came to Old Welmingham, a year or two afterward."

"Was your husband acquainted with them before that?"

"With Catherick, Sir—not with his wife. She was a stranger to both of us. Some gentlemen had made interest for Catherick, and he got the situation of clerk at Welmingham Church, which was the reason of his coming to settle in our neighborhood.—He brought his newly-married wife along with him; and we heard, in course of time, she had been lady's-maid in a great family that lived at Varneck Hall, near Southampton. Catherick had found it a hard matter to get her to marry him, in consequence of her holding herself uncommonly high. He had asked and asked, and given the thing up at last, seeing she was so contrary about it. When he *had* given it up she turned contrary, just the other way, and came to him of her own accord, without rhyme or reason, seemingly. My poor husband always said that was the time to have given her a lesson. But Catherick was too fond of her to do any thing of the sort; he never checked her, either before they were married or after. He was a quick man in his feelings, letting them carry him a deal too far—now in one way, and now in another—and he would have spoiled a better wife than Mrs. Catherick, if a better had married him. I don't like to speak ill of any one, Sir; but she was a heartless woman, with a terrible will of her own; fond of foolish admiration and fine clothes, and not caring to show so much as decent outward respect to Catherick, kindly as he always treated her. My husband said he thought things would turn out badly, when they first came to live near us: and his words proved true. Before they had been quite four months in our neighborhood there was a dreadful scandal and a miserable break-up in their household. Both of them were in fault—I am afraid both of them were equally in fault."

"You mean both husband and wife?"

"Oh no, Sir! I don't mean Catherick—he was only to be pitied. I meant his wife and the person—"

"And the person who caused the scandal?"

"Yes, Sir. A gentleman born and brought up, who ought to have set a better example. You know him, Sir—and my poor, dear Anne knew him only too well."

"Sir Percival Glyde?"

"Yes. Sir Percival Glyde."

My heart beat fast—I thought I had my hand on the clew. How little I knew then of the windings of the labyrinth which were still to mislead me!

"Did Sir Percival live in your neighborhood at that time?" I asked.

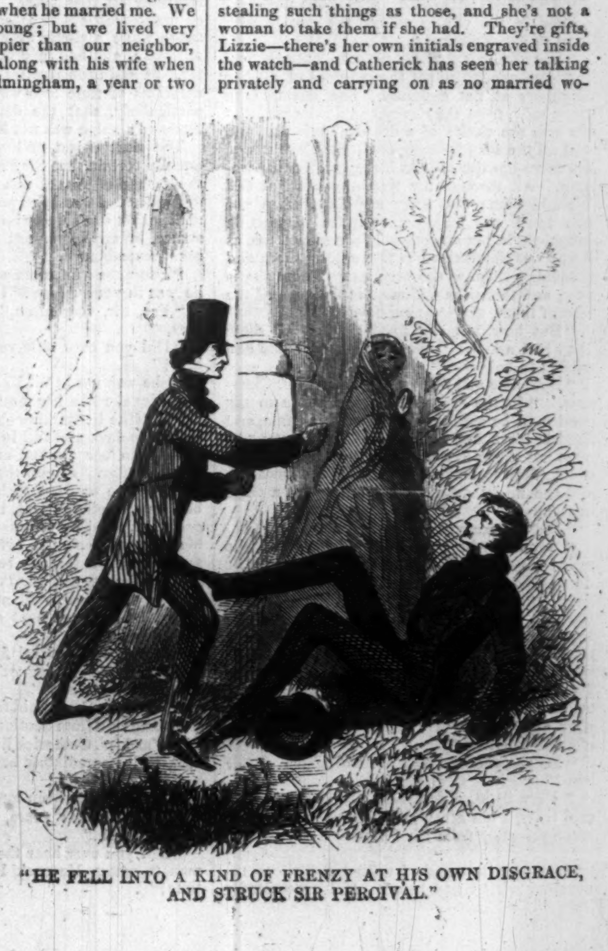
"No, Sir. He came among us as a stranger. His father had died, not long before, in foreign parts. I remember he was in mourning. He put up at the little inn on the river (they have pulled it down since that time), where gentlemen used to go to fish. He wasn't much noticed when he first came; it was a common thing enough for gentlemen to travel from all parts of England to fish in our river."

"Did he make his appearance in the village before Anne was born?"

"Yes, Sir. Anne was born in the June month of eighteen hundred and twenty-seven, and I think he came at the end of April, or the beginning of May."

"Came as a stranger to all of you? A stranger to Mrs. Catherick as well as to the rest of the neighbors?"

"So we thought at first, Sir. But when the scandal broke out nobody believed they were strangers. I remember how it happened as well as if it was yesterday. Catherick came into our garden one night and woke us with throwing up a handful of gravel from the walk at our window. I heard him beg my husband, for the Lord's sake, to come down and speak to him. They were a long time together talking in the porch. When my husband came back up stairs he was all of a tremble. He sat down on the side of the bed, and he says to me, 'Lizzie, I always told you that woman was a bad one; I always said she would end ill; and I'm afraid, in my own mind, that the end has come already. Catherick has found a lot of lace handkerchiefs and two fine rings and a new gold watch and chain hid away in his wife's drawer—things that nobody but a born lady ought ever to have—and his wife won't say how she came by them.' 'Does he think she stole them?' says I. 'No,' says he, 'stealing would be bad enough; but it's worse than that—she's had no chance of stealing such things as those, and she's not a woman to take them if she had. They're gifts, Lizzie—there's her own initials engraved inside the watch—and Catherick has seen her talking privately and carrying on as no married wo-



"HE FELL INTO A KIND OF FRENZY AT HIS OWN DISGRACE, AND STRUCK SIR PERCIVAL."

man should with that gentleman in mourning—Sir Percival Glyde. Don't you say any thing about it—I've quieted Catherick for to-night. I've told him to keep his tongue to himself and his eyes and his ears open, and to wait a day or two, till he can be quite certain.' 'I believe you are both of you wrong,' says I. 'It's not in nature, comfortable and respectable as she is here, that Mrs. Catherick should take up with a chance stranger like Sir Percival Glyde.' 'Ay, but is he a stranger to her?' says my husband. 'You forget how Catherick's wife came to marry him. She went to him of her own accord, after saying No, over and over again, when he asked her. There have been wicked women before her time, Lizzie, who have used honest men who loved them as a means of saving their characters; and I'm sorely afraid this Mrs. Catherick is as wicked as the worst of them. We shall see,' says my husband, 'we shall soon see.' And only two days afterward we did see."

Mrs. Clements waited for a moment before she went on. Even in that moment I began to doubt whether the clew that I thought I had found was really leading me to the central mystery of the labyrinth after all. Was this common, too common, story of a man's treachery and a woman's frailty the key to a secret which had been the life-long terror of Sir Percival Glyde?

"Well, Sir, Catherick took my husband's advice, and waited," Mrs. Clements continued. "And, as I told you, he hadn't long to wait. On the second day he found his wife and Sir Percival whispering together, quite familiar, close under the vestry of the church. I suppose they thought the neighborhood of the vestry was the last place in the world where any body would think of looking after them, but, however that may be, there they were. Sir Percival, being seemingly surprised and confounded, defended himself in such a guilty way that poor Catherick (whose quick temper I have told you of already) fell into a kind of frenzy at his own disgrace and struck Sir Percival. He was no match (and I am sorry to say it) for the man who had wronged him, and he was beaten in the cruelest manner before the neighbors, who had come to the place on hearing the disturbance, could run in to part them. All this happened toward evening; and before nightfall, when my husband went to Catherick's house, he was gone, nobody knew where. No living soul in the village ever saw him again. He knew too well by that time what his wife's vile reason had been for marrying him; and he felt his misery and disgrace—especially after what had happened to him with Sir Percival—too keenly. The clergyman of the parish put an advertisement in the paper, begging him to come back, and saying that he should not lose his situation or his friends. But Catherick had too much pride and spirit, as some people said—too much feeling, as I think, Sir—to face his neighbors again, and try to live down the memory of his disgrace. My husband heard from him when he had left England, and heard a second time when he was settled and doing well in America. He is alive there now, as far as I know, but none of us in the old country—his wicked wife least of all—are ever likely to set eyes on him again."

"What became of Sir Percival?" I inquired. "Did he stay in the neighborhood?"

"Not he, Sir. The place was too hot to hold him. He was heard at high words with Mrs. Catherick the same night when the scandal broke out, and the next morning he took himself off."

"And Mrs. Catherick? Surely she never remained in the village among the people who knew of her disgrace?"

"She did, Sir. She was hard enough and heartless enough to set the opinions of all her neighbors at flat defiance. She declared to every body, from the clergyman downward, that she was the victim of a dreadful mistake, and that all the scandal-mongers in the place should not drive her out of it as if she was a guilty woman. All through my time she lived at Old Welmingham; and after my time, when the new town was building, and the respectable neighbors began moving to it, she moved too, as if she was determined to live among them and scandalize them to the very last. There she is now, and there she will stop, in defiance of the best of them, to her dying day."

"But how has she lived through all these years?" I asked. "Was her husband able and willing to help her?"

"Both able and willing, Sir," said Mrs. Clements. "In the second letter he wrote to my good man he said she had borne his name, and lived in his home, and, wicked as she was, she must not starve like a beggar in the street. He could afford to make her some small allowance, and she might draw for it quarterly at a place in London."

"Did she accept the allowance?"

"Not a farthing of it, Sir. She said she would never be beholden to Catherick for bit or drop if she lived to be a hundred. And she has kept her word ever since. When my poor dear husband died, and left all to me, Catherick's letter was put in my possession with the other things, and I told her to let me know if she was ever in want. 'I'll let all England know I'm in want,' she said, 'before I tell Catherick, or any friend of Catherick's. Take that for your answer, and give it to *him* for an answer if he ever writes again.'"

"Do you suppose that she had money of her own?"

"Very little, if any, Sir. It was said, and said truly, I am afraid, that her means of living came privately from Sir Percival Glyde."

After that last reply I waited a little to reconsider what I had heard. If I unreservedly accepted the story so far, it was now plain that no approach, direct or indirect, to the Secret had yet been revealed to me, and that the pursuit of my object had ended again in leaving me face to face with the most palpable and the most disheartening failure.

But there was one point in the narrative which made me doubt the propriety of accepting it unreservedly, and which suggested the idea of something hidden below the surface. I could not account to myself for the circumstance of the clerk's guilty wife voluntarily living out all her after-existence on the scene of her disgrace. The woman's own reported statement that she had taken this strange course as a practical assertion of her innocence did not satisfy me. It seemed to my mind more natural and more probable to assume that she was not so completely a free agent in this matter as she had herself asserted. In that case who was the likeliest person to possess the power of compelling her to remain at Welmingham? The person unquestionably from whom she derived the means of living. She had refused assistance from her husband, she had no adequate resources of her own, she was a friendless, disgraced woman: from what source should she derive help but from the source at which report pointed—Sir Percival Glyde?

Reasoning on these assumptions, and always bearing in mind the one certain fact to guide me, that Mrs. Catherick was in possession of the Secret, I easily understood that it was Sir Percival's interest to keep her at Welmingham, because her character in that place was certain to isolate her from all communication with female neighbors, and to allow her no opportunities of talking incautiously in moments of free intercourse with inquisitive bosom friends. But what was the mystery to be concealed? Not Sir Percival's infamous connection with Mrs. Catherick's disgrace—for the neighbors were the very people who knew of it. Not the suspicion that he was Anne's father—for Welmingham was the place in which that suspicion must inevitably exist. If I accepted the guilty appearances described to me as unreservedly as others had accepted them; if I drew from them the same superficial conclusion which Mr. Catherick and all his neighbors had drawn, where was the suggestion in all that I had heard of a dangerous secret between Sir Percival and Mrs. Catherick which had been kept hidden from that time to this? And yet in those stolen meetings, in those familiar whisperings between the clerk's wife and "the gentleman in mourning" the clew to discovery existed beyond a doubt.

Was it possible that appearances in this case had pointed one way, while the truth lay, all the while unsuspected, in another direction? Could Mrs. Catherick's assertion, that she was the victim of a dreadful mistake, by any possibility be true? Or, assuming it to be false, could the conclusion which associated Sir Percival with her guilt have been founded in some inconceivable error? Had Sir Percival by any chance courted the suspicion that was wrong for the sake of diverting from himself some other suspicion that might be right? Here, if I could find it, here was the approach to the Secret hidden deep under the surface of the apparently unpromising story which I had just heard.

My next questions were now directed to the one object of ascertaining whether Mr. Catherick had or had not arrived truly at the conviction of his wife's infidelity. The answers I received from Mrs. Clements left me in no doubt whatever on that point. Mrs. Catherick had, on the clearest evidence, compromised her reputation while a single woman with some person unknown, and had married to save her character. It had been positively ascertained, by calculations of time into which I need not enter particularly, that the daughter who bore her husband's name was not her husband's child.

The next object of inquiry, whether it was equally certain that Sir Percival must have been the father of Anne, was beset by far greater difficulties. I was in no position to try the probabilities on one side or on the other, in this instance, by any better test than the test of personal resemblance.

"I suppose you often saw Sir Percival when he was in your village?" I said.

"Yes, Sir, very often," replied Mrs. Clements.

"Did you ever observe that Anne was like him?"

"She was not at all like him, Sir."

"Was she like her mother, then?"

"Not like her mother either, Sir. Mrs. Catherick was dark and full in the face."

Not like her mother, and not like her (supposed) father. I knew that the test by personal resemblance was not to be implicitly trusted; but, on the other hand, it was not to be altogether rejected on that account. Was it possible to strengthen the evidence by discovering any conclusive facts in relation to the lives of Mrs. Catherick and Sir Percival before they either of them appeared at Old Welmingham? When I asked my next questions I put them with this view.

"When Sir Percival first appeared in your neighborhood," I said, "did you hear where he had come from last?"

"No, Sir. Some said from Blackwater Park, and some said from Scotland, but nobody knew."

"Was Mrs. Catherick living in service at Varneck Hall immediately before her marriage?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And had she been long in her place?"

"Three or four years, Sir; I am not quite certain which."

"Did you ever hear the name of the gentleman to whom Varneck Hall belonged at that time?"

"Yes, Sir. His name was Major Donthorne."

"Did Mr. Catherick, or did any one else you knew, ever hear that Sir Percival was a friend of Major Donthorne's, or ever see Sir Percival in the neighborhood of Varneck Hall?"

"Catherick never did, Sir, that I can remember—nor any one else, either, that I know of."

I noted down Major Donthorne's name and address, on the chance that he might still be alive, and that it might be useful at some future time to apply to him. Meanwhile, the impression on my mind was now decidedly adverse to the opinion that Sir Percival was Anne's father, and decidedly favorable to the conclusion that the secret of his stolen interviews with Mrs. Catherick was entirely unconnected with the disgrace which the woman had inflicted on her husband's good name. I could think of no further inquiries which I might make to strengthen this impression—I could only encourage Mrs. Clements to speak next of Anne's early days, and watch for any chance suggestion which might in this way offer itself to me.

"I have not heard yet," I said, "how the poor child, born in all this sin and misery, came to be trusted, Mrs. Clements, to your care."

"There was nobody else, Sir, to take the little helpless creature in hand," replied Mrs. Clements. "The wicked mother seemed to hate it—as if the poor baby was in fault!—from the day it was born. My heart was heavy for the child, and I made the offer to bring it up as tenderly as if it was my own."

"Did Anne remain entirely under your care from that time?"

"Not quite entirely, Sir. Mrs. Catherick had her whims and fancies about it, at times; and used now and then to lay claim to the child, as if she wanted to spite me for bringing it up. But these fits of hers never lasted for long. Poor little Anne was always returned to me, and was always glad to get back—though she led but a gloomy life in my house, having no playmates, like other children, to brighten her up. Our longest separation was when her mother took her to Limmeridge. Just at that time I lost my husband, and I felt it was as well, in that miserable affliction, that Anne should not be in the house. She was between ten and eleven years old then, slow at her lessons, poor soul, and not so cheerful as other children, but as pretty a little girl to look at as you would wish to see. I waited at home till her mother brought her back; and then I made the offer to take her with me to London—the truth being, Sir, that I could not find it in my heart to stop at Old Welmingham after my husband's death, the place was so changed and so dismal to me."

"And did Mrs. Catherick consent to your proposal?"

"No, Sir. She came back from the north harder and bitterer than ever. Folks did say that she had been obliged to ask Sir Percival's leave to go, to begin with; and that she only went to nurse her dying sister at Limmeridge because the poor woman was reported to have saved money—the truth being that she hardly left enough to bury her. These things may have soured Mrs. Catherick, likely enough; but however that may be, she wouldn't hear of my taking the child away. She seemed to like distressing us both by parting us. All I could do was to give Anne my direction, and to tell her privately, if she was ever in trouble, to come to me. But years passed before she was free to come. I never saw her again, poor soul, till the night she escaped from the mad-house."

"You know, Mrs. Clements, why Sir Percival Glyde shut her up?"

"I only know what Anne herself told me, Sir. The poor thing used to ramble and wander about it sadly! She said her mother had got some secret of Sir Percival's to keep, and had let it out to her, long after I left Hampshire; and when Sir Percival found she knew it he shut her up. But she never could say what it was, when I asked her. All she could tell me was that her mother might be the ruin and destruction of Sir Percival if she chose. Mrs. Catherick may have let out just as much as that, and no more. I'm next to certain I should have heard the whole truth from Anne if she had really known it, as she pretended to do, and as she very likely fancied she did, poor soul!"

This idea had more than once occurred to my own mind. I had already told Marian that I doubted whether Laura was really on the point of making any important discovery when she and Anne Catherick were disturbed by Count Fosco at the boat-house. It was perfectly in character with Anne's mental affliction that she should assume an absolute knowledge of the Secret on no better grounds than vague suspicion, derived from hints which her mother had incautiously let drop in her presence. Sir Percival's guilty distrust would, in that case, infallibly inspire him with the false idea that Anne knew all from her mother, just as it had afterward fixed in his mind the equally false suspicion that his wife knew all from Anne.

The time was passing; the morning was wearing away. It was doubtful, if I staid longer, whether I should hear any thing more from Mrs. Clements that would be at all useful to my purpose. I had already discovered those local and family particulars, in relation to Mrs. Catherick, of which I had been in search; and I had arrived at certain conclusions, entirely new to me, which might immensely assist in directing the course of my future proceedings. I rose to take my leave, and to thank Mrs. Clements for the friendly readiness she had shown in affording me information.

"I am afraid you must have thought me very inquisitive," I said. "I have troubled you with more questions than many people would have cared to answer."

"You are heartily welcome, Sir, to any thing I can tell you," answered Mrs. Clements. She stopped, and looked at me wistfully. "But I do wish," said the poor woman, "you could have told me a little more about Anne, Sir. I thought I saw something in your face, when you came in, which looked as if you could. You can't think how hard it is not even to know whether she is living or dead. I could bear it better if I was only certain. You said you never expected we should see her alive again. Do you know, Sir—do you know for truth—that it has pleased God to take her?"

I was not proof against this appeal; it would have been unspeakably mean and cruel of me if I had resisted it.

"I am afraid there is no doubt of the truth," I answered, gently; "I have the certainty, in my own mind, that her troubles in this world are over."

The poor woman dropped into her chair, and hid her face from me. "Oh, Sir," she said, "how do you know it? Who can have told you?"

"No one has told me, Mrs. Clements. But I have reasons for feeling sure of it—reasons which I promise you shall know as soon as I can safely explain them. I am certain she was not neglected in her last moments; I am certain the heart-complaint, from which she suffered so sadly, was the true cause of her death. You shall feel as sure of this as I do soon—you shall know, before long, that she is buried in a quiet country church-yard; in a pretty, peaceful place, which you might have chosen for her yourself."

"Dead!" said Mrs. Clements; "dead so young—and I am left to hear it! I made her first short frocks. I taught her to walk. The first time she ever said Mother she said it to *me;* and now I am left and Anne is taken! Did you say, Sir," said the poor woman, removing the handkerchief from her face, and looking up at me for the first time—"did you say that she had been nicely buried? Was it the sort of funeral she might have had if she had really been my own child?"

I assured her that it was. She seemed to take an inexplicable pride in my answer—to find a comfort in it, which no other and higher considerations could afford. "It would have broken my heart," she said, simply, "if Anne had not been nicely buried; but how do you know it, Sir? who told you?" I once more entreated her to wait until I could speak to her more unreservedly. "You are sure to see me again," I said; "for I have a favor to ask, when you are a little more composed—perhaps in a day or two."

"Don't keep it waiting, Sir, on my account," said Mrs. Clements. "Never mind my crying, if I can be of use. If you have any thing on your mind to say to me, Sir, please to say it now."

"I only wished to ask you one last question," I said. "I only wanted to know Mrs. Catherick's address at Welmingham."

My request so startled Mrs. Clements that for the moment even the tidings of Anne's death seemed to be driven from her mind. Her tears suddenly ceased to flow, and she sat looking at me in blank amazement.

"For the Lord's sake, Sir!" she said, "what do you want with Mrs. Catherick?"

"I want this, Mrs. Clements," I replied: "I want to know the secret of those private meetings of hers with Sir Percival Glyde. There is something more, in what you have told me of that woman's past conduct and of that man's past relations with her, than you or any of your neighbors ever suspected. There is a Secret we none of us know of between those two, and I am going to Mrs. Catherick with the resolution to find it out."

"Think twice about it, Sir!" said Mrs. Clements, rising, in her earnestness, and laying her hand on my arm. "She's an awful woman—you don't know her as I do. Think twice about it."

"I am sure your warning is kindly meant, Mrs. Clements. But I am determined to see the woman, whatever comes of it."

Mrs. Clements looked me anxiously in the face.

"I see your mind is made up, Sir," she said. "I will give you the address."

I wrote it down in my pocket-book, and then took the good woman by the hand to say farewell.

"You shall hear from me soon," I said; "you shall know all that I have promised to tell you."

Mrs. Clements sighed and shook her head doubtfully.

"An old woman's advice is sometimes worth taking, Sir," she said. "Think twice before you go to Welmingham."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, June 11, in the Senate, on motion of Senator King, the report of the Printing Investigating Committee was taken up. The alleged abuses growing out of the public printing were discussed. Resolutions recommending a change in the mode of executing the public printing were adopted. The Civil Appropriation Bill was taken up and discussed.——In the House, the Post-office Appropriation Bill was taken up, and several amendments were agreed to; one authorizing the Postmaster-General to cause the mails to be transported between the United States and any foreign port, or between one port of the United States and another, by steamship, allowing and paying for the same, if by an American vessel, the sea and inland postage, and if by a foreign vessel, the sea postage only—preference to be always given to American steamships. Amendments were also adopted, reducing the appropriation for clerks, and providing that if the revenue of the Post-office Department should be insufficient to support it for the year ending June, 1861, the sum of $5,750,000 shall be appropriated to supply deficiencies. The bill was then passed. Considerable debate ensued on the Navy Appropriation Bill; and without arriving at any conclusion thereon, the House adjourned.

On Tuesday, June 12, in the Senate, an amendment to the Civil Appropriation Bill, appropriating $400,000 for arms to be distributed among the militia of the several States of the Union, was adopted.——In the House, the Senate's amendment to the Post-office Deficiency Bill was agreed to. This restores nearly all the service discontinued or curtailed since March, 1859. The Navy Appropriation Bill was taken up; the amendments were concurred in, including one that not more than $3000 shall be expended at any navy-yard on the hull and spars of any vessel, and not more than $2000 on her sails and rigging, nor more than $5000 on general repairs, without a previous examination and report of a specially appointed Board. After some debate the bill passed.

On Wednesday, June 13, in the Senate, Senator Sumner presented a petition from Dr. Cheever and others, for the release of Thaddeus Hyatt. After considerable debate it was referred to the Select Committee.——In the House, the resolutions reported back from the Committee on Expenditures in the Navy Department, declaring that the Secretary of the Navy has, with the sanction of the President, abused his discretionary power, and that the President and Secretary were therefore deserving of the reprobation of the House, were taken up and adopted. Mr. Bocock, of Virginia, strongly opposed them. The President, he said, was independent of Congress, and Congress independent of the President. He was replied to by Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, and after further debate the several resolutions of censure were adopted by large majorities on vote.

On Thursday, June 14, in the Senate, the amendment of the House increasing the appropriation for the maintenance and return to Africa of the captured Africans at Key West from $200,000 to $250,000 was rejected. The consideration of the Legislative bill was resumed, the amendments for paying the claims of the Choctaw Nation the sum of £2,500,000 being rejected. The Post-office Appropriation bill was passed without amendment.——In the House, in Committee of the Whole, the joint resolution to reduce the price of public printing forty per cent. was passed. The further consideration of the proposed grant for the Select Pacific Railroad Committee was postponed till next session. Mr Colfax, from the Conference Committee on the House Homestead bill, reported that they were unable to agree with the provisions of the Senate Homestead bill, and the House resolved to adhere to their own bill without a division. Mr. Ely denounced the working of the Reciprocity Treaty with Great Britain, which had the effect of giving great advantages to the British North American Colonies without any corresponding advantages to ourselves. The Senate's amendments to the Army bill were resumed, without action further than the limitation of the time of study for Cadets at the Military Academy to four years, in which the House concurred.

On Friday, June 15, in the Senate, majority and minority reports from the Harper's Ferry Investigating Committee were presented. The committee recommended the discharge of Thaddeus Hyatt, the contumacious witness, and a resolution in accordance with the suggestion was adopted. The Light-house Appropriation bill was passed. A remonstrance from New York relative to the Pilot laws was presented. The Tariff bill was taken up and discussed by Senators Hunter, Bigler, Cameron, and Seward, and finally postponed by a vote of 25 to 23, which disposes of the subject for the present session. The Army Appropriation bill was taken up, and some of the House amendments agreed to. The Overland Telegraph bill, already passed by the House, was concurred in by the Senate.——In the House, another—the third—Conference Committee on the Homestead bill was appointed. The bill authorizing the issue of land warrants in cases where the originals have been lost or destroyed was passed.

RICHMOND CONVENTION.

This Convention met on Monday, June 11, and after the adoption of a resolution, "that the delegates to the Convention having been appointed on the basis of the majority platform adopted at Charleston, further action at this time in relation to a platform is unnecessary," adjourned, to meet at Richmond on the 21st inst., two days after the meeting of the Baltimore Convention.

MOVEMENTS OF THE JAPANESE.

The Embassy left Washington for New York on the morning of June 8. In Baltimore they were welcomed by a grand procession, and entertained with a display of fire-engines, fire-works, a review of the military, and the view, from a hotel balcony, of about 20,000 people gathered to see them. "Tommy" was, as usual, the cynosure of all ladies' eyes. He occupied a carriage next in the rear of the one containing the "treaty-box," which so completely filled the vehicle that there was no room for him to sit beside it, as he wished to do at the station. He was already making himself conspicuous by his cunning glances and gracious bows to such ladies as particularly attracted his attention; and as all the ladies were on the look-out for Tommy, they were not slow in singling him out from the rest, and there was much straining of bright eyes to get a look at him, when, from mouth to mouth, there echoed the words, "There's Tommy!" "Oh, is that him?" exclaimed a chorus of ladies' voices, and bouquets and other presents, not excepting letters, were thrown and handed to him.

They left Baltimore for Philadelphia on the 9th. At Wilmington a rude crowd received the party. "Hillo! old horse!" cried one of these to the imperial interpreter, who sat next to an open window. I was seated next to him; so he turned to me, saying, "What does that mean?" The next moment he had a bouquet thrust to him through the open window. It had a card attached to it bearing a name in Japanese characters. "That officer's not here; he's at Jeddo," said Namara to the negro who presented it. "Well, please to give it to him," said Sambo, and he departed, leaving Namara in possession of the flowers. They had likely been sent by some officer of the navy who had recently returned from Japan. At this time the warning bell was being rung by Tommy, who had taken his place on the locomotive a few minutes previously, when the train was stopped in order to allow the embassadors the privilege of taking their places on the tender. They were venturesome enough to ascend to it; but finding the spot by no means luxurious they at once stepped down again, leaving Tommy, the only one of them bold enough to stay, to continue his journey while chatting with the engineer and firemen.

They arrived at Philadelphia at half past 3 P.M. of the 9th, and were welcomed by an immense crowd and a very large procession.

In Baltimore they had been civilly treated, with one exception: two swords were stolen from a bedroom while their owner was looking at the fire-works. In Philadelphia they seem to have been disgusted with the rudeness of the people. The *Herald* reporter writes:

"The most disgusting and brutal language was unsparingly used by the crowd while the procession was passing over the route. This was especially the case in the lower portion of the city, where the 'governing classes' most do congregate. For instance, at one point a Naval Commissioner was greeted with the cry of, 'Say, you man with the epaulets, is that your monkey you have got with you?' And this is but one in a hundred of the 'humors' of the crowd. It is to be particularly regretted that many of these remarks were plainly understood by a portion of the Embassy. This morning some of them came to Captains Dupont and Porter, and said they feared from their conduct yesterday that the American people considered them very ridiculous, and intimated that they should not be so severe in their sarcasms, as the Japanese considered the dress and manners of the people of this country equally curious, if not outlandish. They were evidently under the impression that any thing but respect had been shown to them by many of the roughs, and the imperial interpreter had reported that they had been called 'niggers,' while it was ascertained that an attempt had been made to pull one of their number out of his carriage."

In Philadelphia they visited the Fairmount Water-works, Girard College, Independence Hall, and the Mint. They were treated to a balloon ascension, which delighted Tommy especially; to an opera; and were forced to give audience to vast crowds of very troublesome people. A drunken fellow carelessly let off a pistol while conversing with a Japanese, who was so enraged at what he supposed was an attempt to murder him that he drew his sword and rushed at the offender, who would have been undoubtedly decapitated had it not been for the by-standers.

At the Pennsylvania Hospital one of the Japanese doctors witnessed the operations of amputation of the thigh at the hip-joint, and of the forearm, performed by Professor Pancoast, the patients being under the influence of ether.

They were very anxious to procure watches. Some four or five Yankee clocks were in their room, which they wind up as often as possible.

On Saturday, June 16, the Embassy left Philadelphia for New York. They arrived in New York by special boat, and were received and escorted to their lodgings at the Metropolitan Hotel by an immense procession, civil and military, and the largest gathering of people ever seen in New York.

ASSAY OF JAPANESE COINS.

The visit of the Embassadors to the United States Mint in Philadelphia was, next to the signing of the Treaty, their most important step in this country. The coins of Japan were assayed—some in their presence; and we subjoin an official table of values, which will be of interest to merchants and others.

The coins are of gold, silver, brass, copper, and iron.

The principal gold coin is the *cobang*, of which we have three sizes, according to the changes which have been made within the past sixty years. This coin is of oval shape, very thin, soft, and easily bent; it is largely alloyed with silver, but the silver being taken out of the surface by a solvent, the coin looks like fine gold, until it has been a good deal worn. This accounts for the very pale color of the first specimen; and of another, in which we have scratched off part of the surface, to show the true color.

No. 1 is a cobang, supposed to be about sixty years old. It weighs 201½ grains; it is two-thirds gold; one-third silver; or, as we express by thousandths, it is 667 thousandths fine. In its value, including the silver, is $5 95. It is of oval form, quite thick, 2¼ inches long, and 1½ broad.

No. 2, cobang, coined within a few years past, weighs 174 grains. It is four-sevenths gold, and three-sevenths silver, very nearly; the exact fineness in thousandths being 568. The value, including the silver, is $4 44. In size it is very little smaller than No. 1.

Nos. 3 and 4, cobangs, of very recent date, brought by the Embassy for assay. They are exactly alike, except one small mark. The weight is 138¾ grains. Their fineness is about 571 thousandths, which is precisely four-sevenths, and appears to be the definite legal standard. The value, including the silver, is $3 57; without the silver $3 41. These are yet smaller than No. 2, but similarly shaped.

Nos. 5 and 6, two small rectangular coins, with a gold surface, which (by specific gravity) are about one-third gold. The weight is 25½ grains. Their name and place in the series are not known to us. They are two-thirds of an inch in length and one-third in breadth.

No. 7, rectangular coin, is half the weight of the cobang, No. 2; but (by specific gravity) contains little more than one-fourth gold; the remainder appears to be silver. This piece, also, is not understood. It is one inch long and half an inch broad.

No. 8, also rectangular, is called the gold itzebu; is one-fourth the weight of cobang, No. 2, and of the same fineness, very nearly. Value $1 11. A little smaller than No. 7.

Nos. 9 and 10 are the new gold itzebu, brought by the Embassy for assay, and are one-fourth of the cobang brought by them. Value 89¼ cents. A little larger than Nos. 5 and 6.

All the silver coins are rectangular, and rather thick.

No. 11, an old half-itzebu, silver, is one of several pieces which were given to an officer of the United States Exploring Expedition, about the year 1840, by some Japanese sailors who had drifted far out into the Pacific Ocean, and were picked up and taken care of. Afterward, by the wreck of one of our vessels, all the coins were lost except this one. It was our first specimen of Japanese coin. The weight is 41 grains, and, being near fine silver, it is worth a little over 11 cents. Same size as No. 8.

No. 12 is a silver itzebu, coined some years since, weighing 134½ grains, 988 to 990 thousandths fine, and worth 36.9 cents. (Some specimens are fully 37.) A little larger than No. 7.

No. 13 weighs 28½ grains, and appears also to be nearly fine; value about 8 cents. Name not known. Same size as No. 8.

No. 14, a new silver itzebu, brought by the Embassy (cut for assay). It weighs the same as the old itzebu, 134½ grains, but is 890 thousandths fine, which is near our standard (900). Valued at 33.28 cents. Same size as No. 12.

No. 15, a large, thick piece of brass, oval, and cast with a square hole in the centre; said to be a piece of "one hundred p'senny." It is 2 inches long and 1½ broad.

No. 16, a copper coin, circular, with a hole in the centre, size of our cent.

No. 17, an iron coin, circular, with rough edges, and with a hole in the centre, size of half cent.

THE "GREAT EASTERN."

No care has been spared to make the *Great Eastern's* entrance to New York harbor safe. Mr. Michael Murphy, Captain of pilot boat *Washington* No. 4, and an experienced pilot, went to Europe in May, and will return in her to take her in. She will pass through Gedney's Channel, which has 29 feet of water at high tide. She will remain off the Battery, at anchor, a day or two, then proceed to the dock or bulkhead which is prepared for her reception, between Hammond and Troy streets, North River. This dock, which is used for loading and unloading lumber, lime, brick and other materials, is the largest in the city, having a front of 1200 feet, and extending between the streets above mentioned, and crossing Bank and Bethune streets. It will be thus seen that the space allotted for the *Great Eastern* is three blocks in length, a space of about 700 feet.

TORNADOES.

Destructive whirlwinds and storms seem to be prevalent about the country just now. A disastrous tornado occurred in Lykins County, Kansas, on the 8th instant, doing serious damage at Osawatomie, Indianapolis, and Santo. Several lives were lost. A remarkable storm passed over Delaware County, Pennsylvania, last week. The thunder and lightning was the most severe ever known in that section. In many instances people were prostrated or completely stunned by the shocks of thunder. The damage from the lightning in some parts of the country was considerable. "On June 5th," says the Wilmington (North Carolina) *Journal*, "this town was visited by one of the most awful tornadoes, for its duration, that we ever recollect to have heard of or witnessed. It seems to have commenced from the southwest, but shortly to have veered round to the northwest, from which quarter it blew with even increased violence. Providentially it did not last in all over half an hour, and its greatest fury was exhausted in about twenty minutes. Parts of Indiana have also suffered from tornadoes.

THE ROPE-WALKING MANIACS.

On the 8th instant Blondin once more crossed the chasm at Niagara Falls. At five o'clock Blondin stepped upon the rope on the American side. He was fancifully attired, somewhat in Indian style. He wore a cap of waving, many-colored feathers; and over his yellow tights a light tunic of Indian bead-work. His neck and arms were bare.

The rope is 1300 feet long; its deflection is 60 feet, and at the lowest point is 230 feet from the seething "hell of waters" which dashes madly down the awful gorge of Niagara. Blondin ran briskly down the Manilla slope, pole in hand, for a few hundred feet, when he stopped short, threw out one foot and stood, poised above the chasm, on the other, presenting from the opposite shore the dimensions of a large-sized gnat. A little further on he sat down, resting his pole across his knee; and here in the most unconcerned manner he rested, waving his plumed cap to the spectators. In the middle of the rope he again stopped, and this time lay down, almost disappearing from sight, his pole meanwhile lying across his breast. Up the hill again he took his perilous way, and within a few hundred yards of the Canadian bank he halted, struck an attitude, and stood for a few minutes statuesque and motionless. He landed on the Canadian side in seven and a half minutes from the time of his start, rather pale and dejected, but not a whit the worse for the journey. He complained of the sun, which had shone directly in his face.

On his way back to the American side the acrobat halted, struck an attitude, and was photographed by an "eminent artist." Then the spectators dispersed, inclined to feel wronged because Blondin had not fallen into the torrent.

DE LAVE CHALLENGES BLONDIN.

De Lave, the rope-walker, has published and sent a challenge to Blondin, of Niagara fame, for a trial of skill in rope-walking for the championship. He proposes: Stakes to be from $1000 to $1500, to be paid to him who is decided to be the most expert on an "ascension rope" over rivers, valleys, rapids, whirlpools, or waterfalls, any distance or any height. He will agree to leave the question with a committee, two to be chosen on each side, and the fifth to be selected by the four already chosen. He to go to Niagara and walk on Blondin's rope, and Blondin to come to Paterson and walk over the valley of the rocks and Passaic River, from the heights of the cliff to the top of Garret Mountain, or elsewhere proposed.

HAVE WE A PROPHET AMONG US?

The Philadelphia *Enquirer* says: "We announced, a few days ago, that the Great Tycoon of Utah, Brigham Young, Lord of the Desert, was dwelling temporarily in this city. Unambitious of popularity with the unbelieving, and shrewdly doubting that his public reception would be otherwise than 'warm,' he has been flourishing *incognito*. A tall, slender gentleman stalked into the billiard-room at the Point Breeze Trotting Park on Thursday, and joined in a friendly game with one of the subscribers. He did not refuse the customary imbibition of the ardent, and behaved in a very satisfactory, Christian manner. The subscriber will thank us for assuring him that the tall, slender gentleman was Brigham Young. And many unconscious citizens have met the same tall, slender man in many places. He is introduced as Mr. Smith, or Mr. Jones, as occasion may require, but is, nevertheless, only King Brigham. We shall shortly reveal some of the adventures of the distinguished stranger in this city. Till then let all who go wandering look about them, and remember that 'we have a Brigham among us.'"

ORIGIN OF THE CATTLE DISEASE.

It is alleged that the pleuro-pneumonia is a disease born of the distillery cow-stables. The report of the New Jersey Agricultural Society, just out, says so.

ASSASSINATION IN CINCINNATI.

Professor Crawley, a teacher in the Mount Auburn Female Seminary, while escorting two ladies home from the Opera-house, was attacked by rowdies at the corner of Main and Hunt streets, and stabbed in the breast, causing instant death. The murderers have not been arrested.

MYSTERIOUS RENDEZVOUS FOR SLAVERS.

The Nassau (New Providence) *Guardian*, of 30th ult., says "Captain John Evans, of the schooner *John W.*, arrived here on Monday last from Cay Sal Bank, and reports that on Sunday, the 20th inst., he came to anchor on the north side of Anguilla Cay, and saw a brigantine bearing southeast of the cay. Night came on, and he saw no more of her till Monday evening. Captain Evans left the north side about three o'clock on account of the heavy surge; and in going around the south side between the cut, perceived the vessel heading up about east-southeast under snug canvas. As soon as she discovered the schooner she drew off, and Captain Evans steered direct after her, in order to get to the anchorage. On the brigantine discovering that the schooner was going in the same direction, they put more sail on; but seeing the schooner come to an anchor, she lay to a little, and then bore away with all sail set. The crew of the *John W.* going ashore to cut wood, found a thatched house with a road leading up to it. The house was about seventy feet long and thirty feet wide. There was a table with a loaded gun on it, and a globe lamp hanging up. They brought the two latter away, and, while returning to the schooner, heard a loud noise on the west side of the cay, apparently proceeding from a great number of persons. They then went back to the house, emptied the water cask, and took away all they could, viz.: two boat-loads of demijohns, some iron hoops, a few bullets, a bag of shot, and a canister and a half of powder. They saw near the house about a dozen tame fowls. A large table was laid for dinner, with knives and forks, etc. The house is situated in a valley between two hills."

PERSONAL.

Senator Yulee of Florida, in a card recently published, makes public his intention to retire from the service of the State at the expiration of his present Senatorial term.

Major General Jesup, for many years in active and prominent service in the United States army, died in Washington city on Sunday afternoon, June 10, in the seventieth year of his age.

Adelina Patti appears to be doing very well out West. "Artemas Ward" thinks that the young singer is "the champion"—that she deserves the belt. He adds that "other primy donnys may as well throw up the spunje first as last." "As fur Brignoly, Ferri, and Junky, thay air dowtless grate, but I think sich able-boddied men wood look better tillin the sile then dressing theirselves up in black close & white kid gluvs & showtin in a furrin tung. Mister Junky is a noble-lookin old man & orter lead armies on to Battle instid of showtin in a furrin tung."

It is said that the Emperor Napoleon is about to publish a "History of Julius Cæsar," in two volumes octavo, a work of great research, and on which he has been employed for some years. The character of the Roman Dictator is said to be the object of the highest eulogy on the part of the imperial biographer.

One of the persons engaged in taking the census of Boston under the United States Marshal spells reluctance —*reluctinks*; and when he wishes to write the words "good deal," he does it thus—"*goodele.*"

"Tommy," the representative of "Young Japan," now with the Embassy, gave a quiet hit to a civic functionary in Philadelphia last Sunday. The magnate was trying to chat with him at the Continental Hotel, and at last told the youth that he had a venerable female relative who desired to converse with him in the Dutch language, of which he knows a little. Tommy said, "Ver well, I go see her now." His visitor gravely told him, "Not to-day; in this Christian country no one pays visits on the Sabbath." Tommy knowingly responded, "Ah, why *you* pay me visit on this day here?"

Colonel Angus W. M'Donald, of Virginia, has recently been commissioned by Governor Letcher to proceed to London and endeavor to obtain from the British Government all records and documents bearing upon the important question of Virginia's boundary lines, and the no less interesting one of colonial history.

Judge Reber, in the Court of Common Pleas of St. Louis, has overruled the motion for a new trial of the case of Carstang *vs.* Shaw.

William J. Robertson, Judge of the Court of Appeals of Virginia, is widely talked of as a candidate for the vacancy on the bench of the United States Supreme Court caused by the death of Justice Daniel.

Professor Agassiz is to deliver the address on the occasion of the inauguration of the new Aquarial and Zoological Institution in Central Court, Boston, about the 1st of July.

A Mississippi planter has paid $7000 for a house in Cleveland for the exclusive use of his daughter, an octoroon, sixteen years of age. She goes to Cleveland to receive a thorough education, the daughter of a clergyman in that city having been engaged as her instructor. The young lady, although born a slave, is now free. It is stated that her income while she is in Cleveland will be $3000 per annum.

In a church in Norfolk, last Sunday, a loaded pistol in the pocket of a boy went off, penetrating the leg of a boy named Henry Brown just below the knee.

Hon. Howell Cobb and Mr. J. B. Buchan, of Georgia, are soon to sail for Europe. They go on business connected with the proposed Fair of the Cotton Planters' Association, to be held in Macon, Georgia, next December.

The Prince of Wales will be accompanied to New York not only by a Secretary of State as representing the Crown, but by her Majesty's first great officer of the household, and one who has been a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—thus, to a certain extent, representing the Queen herself, and adding an additional importance and dignity to the visit of the Prince.

Petersen, the Arctic voyager who accompanied Dr. Kane and Captain M'Clintock's Arctic expeditions, and whose services are handsomely alluded to by Dr. Hayes in his "Arctic Boat Journey," is now living in a small village near Copenhagen. His wife is a half-breed Esquimaux, and is totally blind. Petersen has been cordially received by the King of Denmark since his return, and has given, by request, conversational lectures before geographical and other societies.

It is said that a brother of a nobleman well known on the turf has been expelled from a London club for stealing candles. The noble delinquent is in the receipt of £20,000 a year.

Hon. A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, is exceedingly unwell from attacks of vertigo with which he has recently been visited, and is unable at present to attend to business of any kind.

On Thursday last, Sidney Webster, Esq., of Boston, was married to a daughter of the Hon. Hamilton Fish of this city. The ceremony was witnessed by a select company, embracing a number of distinguished personages.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

HEENAN AND SAYERS.

Two fac-similes of the Champion's Belt were presented to Sayers and Heenan, at the Alhambra Palace, on the evening of the 30th. The entertainment consisted of nigger songs and dances; between the parts the men were brought in, and the ceremony of presentation was performed. The men, who were in evening dress, then stripped off their coats, buckled on their belts, and walked around the ring arm in arm. The performance, as it was called, is to be repeated twice a day during the week.

The London *Post* objects that Heenan, who has only fought two battles in his life—who was defeated in America, and who fought a drawn battle in England—has now a belt bearing the inappropriate inscription of the championship of England.

A FOOLHARDY BET.

A young man, who works in the coal-mines of Gill, near Charleroi, lately made a bet of a few glasses of beer that he would lie down on the railway and let a train pass over him. He performed his mad freak a few days ago, placing himself lengthwise in the middle of the line between the rails, making himself as small as possible. He won his bet, but at the expense of a severe burn on the back of his neck from a piece of lighted coke falling on him, added to which he will be brought before the Correctional Police for his imprudence.

FRANCE.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL KISSES A SUBJECT.

After a review at Paris an interesting incident occurred, which produced a very pleasing impression on all who witnessed it. The Empress and the Prince Imperial remained some time on the course after the Emperor's departure; and when the Prince had dismounted from his pony and was walking along, the people approached to take a nearer view of the imperial party. The young Prince was the object of especial notice, which became quite enthusiastic when the Prince, seeing a nice little boy about his own age, accompanied by his father and mother, people of the working class, stopped short, and then, as if moved by an irresistible impulse, went up and kissed the boy most affectionately. All who witnessed this little scene were greatly moved with this proof of kind-heartedness in the young Prince, and expressed their delight by loud acclamation.

ITALY.

GARIBALDI'S PROGRESS.

The reports of Garibaldi's successes are confirmed. He attacked Palermo, from the south side, at four o'clock on the morning of the 27th, and penetrated to the centre of the city, flag in hand, after a desperate combat of six hours' duration, and during an active bombardment by sea and land. The royal troops retreated to the palace and the other public buildings. Hostilities were renewed, and the royal palace was taken by the people, and in the evening burned down. Loss in killed and wounded very considerable. The English Admiral had offered protection to American citizens at Palermo. There was great agitation in the Court and Ministry at Naples. The Ministers tendered their resignation on the 29th. A liberal Cabinet was expected to be formed. Garibaldi was already carrying out important administration reforms at all places in his power. A dispatch from Naples, dated June 1, says that an armistice had been agreed upon between Garibaldi and the royal troops, which was to terminate on Sunday, the 3d inst. The populace at Naples were greatly excited, and shouts of "Garibaldi!" "Victor Emanuel!" and "Sicily!" were raised on the streets.

A DOUBTFUL SAINT.

While events of the most stirring character are occupying Europe, the Roman Court is curiously engaged, not in devising any public amelioration or seeking to remedy flagrant abuses, but in a rather superfluous pursuit, viz.: adding saints to the calendar. Three have been gazetted on the 20th inst., and the promotion of a fourth will fill the columns of *Le Monde* and *Gazette de France* to-morrow—this recipient of a holy halo being a French mendicant named B. J. Labre, born near Boulogne sur Mer in 1748, of whom little is known save that he begged his way from cradle to grave, was actually so late as 1783 the subject of embassadors' letters and replies from a French Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Count de Vergennes writes from Versailles, August 19, 1783, requesting that the Cardinal would put a stop to a fanaticism injurious to religion, mentions that a M. Hennin had Labre in his employment in 1765, and that he was dishonest though devout; and hints that Labre is only a peg on which the lately dissolved Jesuits are seeking to hang something. The vicar of his parish in Rome (St. Martin's in Montibus) refused to give Labre a character, as "his parishioner was too fond of wine taverns," with other details reported by Cardinal de Bernis (19th August, 1783).

JAPAN.

THE TYCOON ATTACKED.

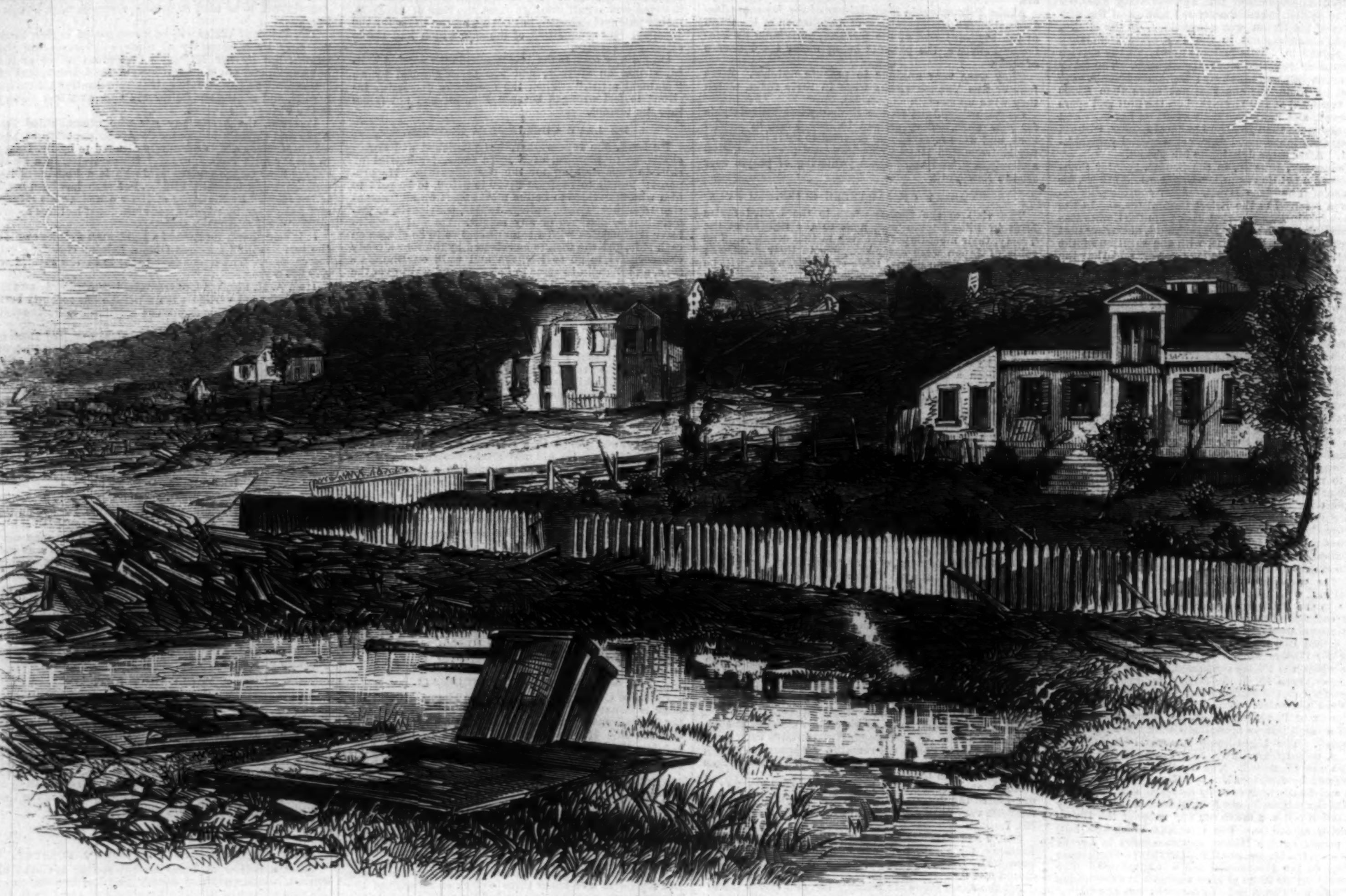
A private letter, dated Siokahma, April 3, and received in San Francisco, relates:

"About a week ago Prince Gotairo, when on his way from his private dwelling to the palace in Jeddo, with his usual guard of sixteen, was attacked by a party of eighteen. Six of the guard and four of the assailants were killed, and several on each side wounded, including the Prince among the latter number. The guard fought bravely during the attack on the Prince. One of his assailants was fatally wounded; and one of his comrades, to prevent his detection, cut off his head and made his escape through one of the gates close at hand. The Tycoon ordered the officers in charge of the gate to commit *hari-kari*, which they did. It is thought by many that a revolution is impending, which, if successful, will result in the speedy expulsion or death of all foreigners. The Government has taken extraordinary precautions to protect itself and this place from assault. Guard-houses have been established along the road to Yeddo, and the guard armed with muskets."

The following notice is posted in the San Francisco Custom-house:

"KANAGAWA, *April* 2.

"Prince Gotairo is not yet dead, and there is every hope for his recovery."



THE GREAT TORNADO.—RUINS OF ALBANY CITY, ILLINOIS.

THE GREAT TORNADO.

WE present some sketches of the ruins of Albany City, Illinois, and Camanche, Iowa, the two places which suffered most severely from the tornado which swept over Western Illinois and Eastern Iowa on the evening of Sunday, June 3. Our engravings are from photographs taken for us on the ground by Messrs. William Field, of Fulton City, and G. H. Joslyn, of Camanche.

The Fulton *Courier* for June 8 contains an excellent report of the dreadful scene, in which two towns and an immense amount of property were in a few minutes utterly destroyed. To it we are indebted for the following facts:

The tornado commenced about five miles beyond Cedar Rapids, and moved in almost a direct easterly course. It was of the nature of a whirlwind, or, as some say, of two whirlwinds moving in the same direction, and near each other. In shape they resembled a funnel. The larger villages between Cedar Rapids and the Mississippi escaped a visit of this fearful destroyer; but much damage was done to property before reaching Camanche, and from *fifty to sixty* lives were lost.

CAMANCHE.

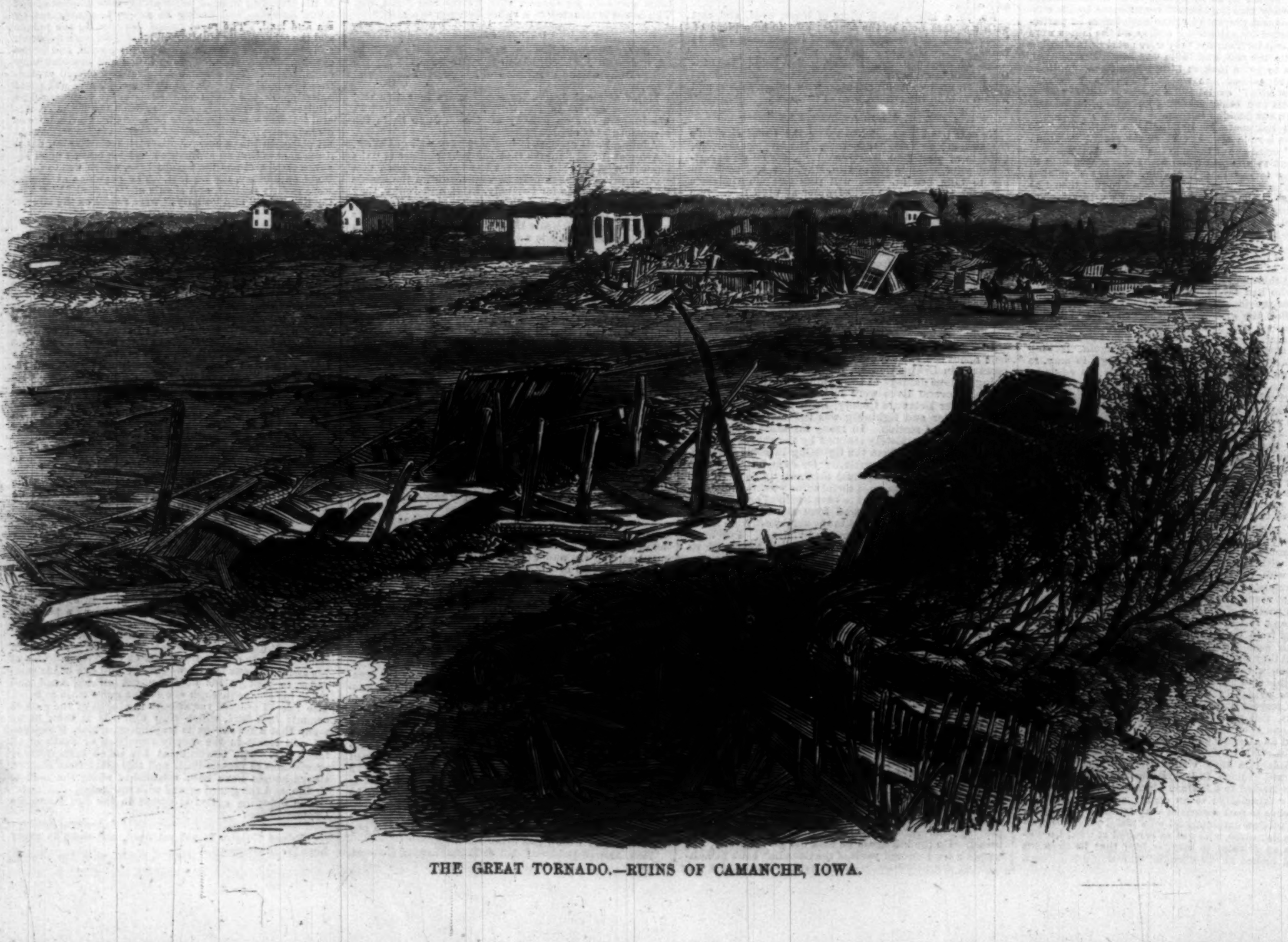
The storm reached Camanche at 7.30 P.M. It came with a hollow, rumbling noise heralding its approach, which sounded like a heavy train of cars passing over a bridge. Moving with the velocity of lightning, it struck the devoted town, and the fearful work of havoc commenced. The scene that followed, as given by eye-witnesses, can neither be imagined nor described. Amidst the roar of the tempest, the rustling of the wind, the reverberating peals of thunder, the vivid flashes of lightning, the pelting of the rain, the crash of falling buildings, the agonizing shrieks of terror-stricken women and children, the bewildered attempts to escape, and the moans of the dying, but little opportunity was left to observe the general appearance of the blow.

Parents caught their children in their arms and rushed frantic for any place that seemed to promise safety. Many found refuge in cellars, which to others proved graves. So sudden was the shock that many in the upper parts of buildings were left no time to flee to other parts.

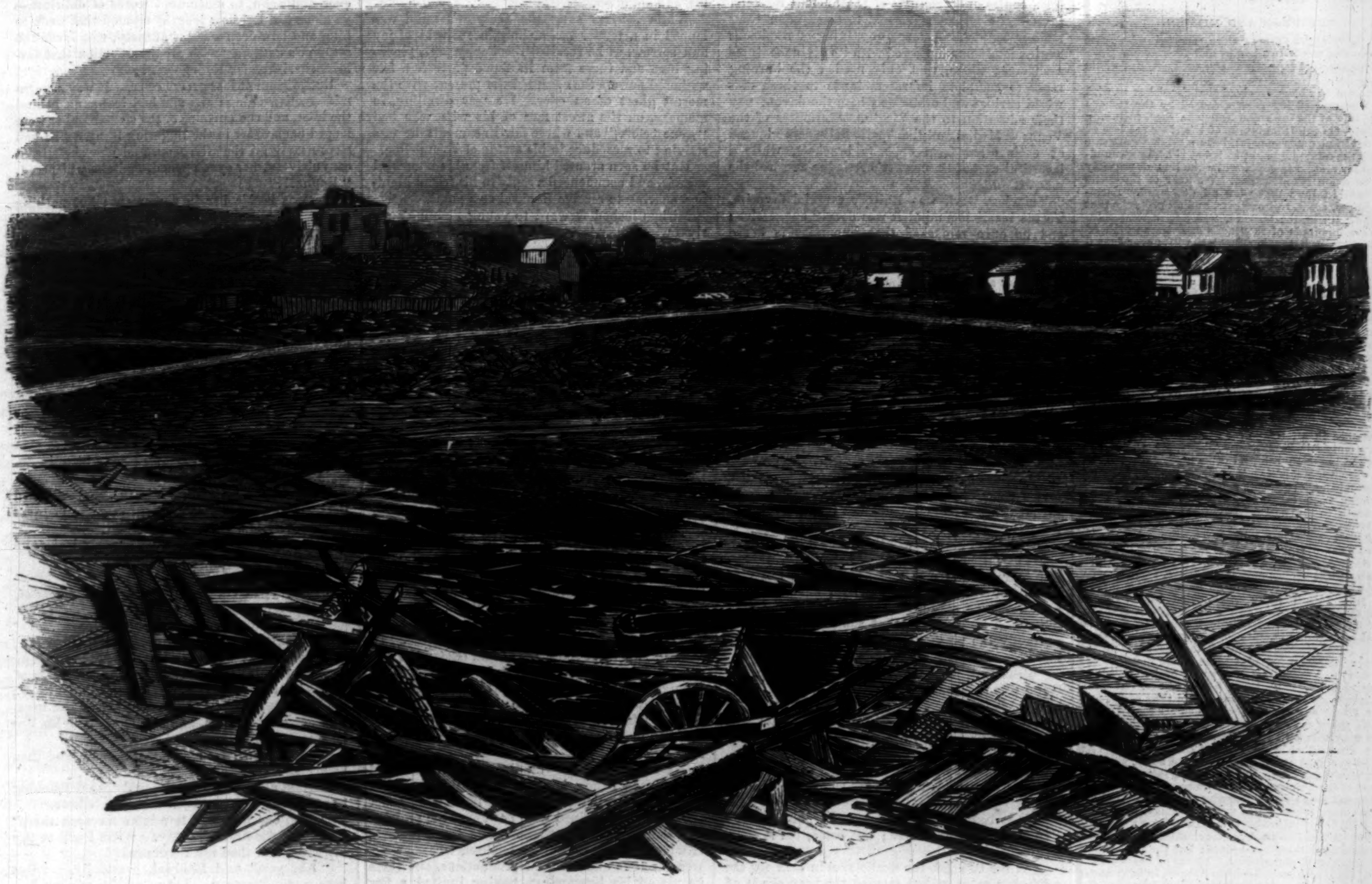
To go outside was as hazardous as to remain within. The turbulent air was filled with fragments of lumber, furniture, and trees, flying in every direction with the force of cannon-balls.

DURATION OF THE TORNADO.

Amidst such intense excitement, attended with such fatal consequences, moments seem years. But from statements that beyond doubt are correct, the storm did not rage less than two and a half nor more than five minutes. It would seem impossible, on looking at the de-



THE GREAT TORNADO.—RUINS OF CAMANCHE, IOWA.



THE GREAT TORNADO.—RUINS OF CAMANCHE (IOWA) FROM THE NORTHWEST.

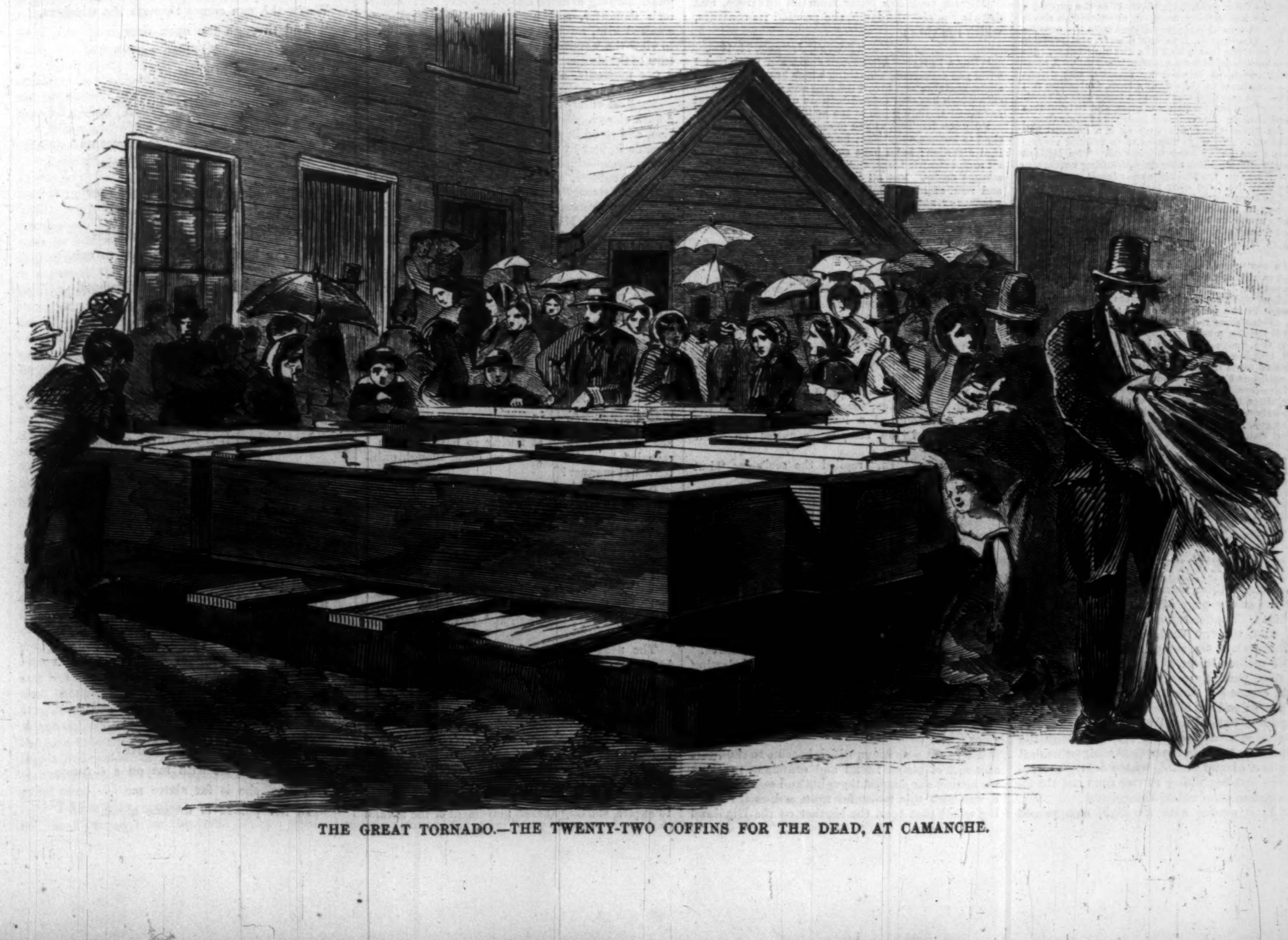
vastation, to suppose it the work of so short a time. Darkness immediately closed over the scene, and left a pall over the town only equaled by the darker gloom that draped the hearts of the survivors of the disaster.

THE SCENE, NEXT MORNING, AT ALBANY.

Heavy warehouses were lifted entire and removed some considerable distance, strong brick and stone buildings entirely demolished, while the lighter frame dwelling-houses were in most cases entirely swept away. We could not estimate the whole number of buildings injured, but could learn of not over three houses in the whole town that were not more or less damaged—most of them destroyed. The ground was strewed with fragments of boards. The hotel kept by Captain Barnes was not moved from its foundation, but part of the roof and inside partitions were carried away. The brick (Presbyterian) Church was leveled to the ground, and the Congregational much injured. The brick and stone houses seemed to afford but little more protection than the frame, and when they fell gave, of course, less chance of escape. But one place of business (Mr. Pease's) was left in a condition to use. The buildings, household furniture, provisions, and every thing in fact, in most instances, were swept beyond the reach of recovery. The ferry-boat was lifted from the water and laid upon the shore. Cattle, horses, and hogs were killed or driven away by the irresistible element. The loss of life, however, was far less than could have been expected. But five persons were killed, and perhaps fifty or sixty injured.

AT CAMANCHE.

The town was almost completely destroyed. A very few buildings were, as if by miracle, left standing, but even these were more or less injured. The ground was covered with splinters, boards, furniture, etc., completely shivered to pieces. Nothing perfect or whole was to be seen, but every thing looked as though it had been riven by lightning. The larger trees were blown down; while on the smaller ones that would yield to the wind, were to be seen tattered pieces of clothing, carpets, pillows, and even mattresses nearly torn to shreds. The river below was covered with marks of the storm, and much property was lost by being swept into the water. The general appearance of the ground was much like the traces left by a torrent where flood-wood is left lying in its path. Where buildings once stood is now a mass of unsightly ruins. It is with difficulty that the lines of former streets can be traced. Frame-houses were swept away or turned into every conceivable variety of positions. Dead animals were left floating in the river or lying among the ruins. The feathers on the poultry were even stripped from their bodies. Every thing was so completely scattered and destroyed that it was useless to attempt to recover any thing, and the citizens could only sit down in despair. Until 12 M. of Monday the work of exhuming the bodies from the fallen ruins was still progressing. In one room that we visited the bodies of children and females were lying (ten or twelve in number) clothed in their white winding-sheets. It was a



THE GREAT TORNADO.—THE TWENTY-TWO COFFINS FOR THE DEAD, AT CAMANCHE.

sight that we pray may never again be ours to witness. The little children, in particular, had but few face-injuries, and lay as if sleeping.

THE DEAD AND MISSING.

In all, thirty-eight persons were reported missing at Camanche, and thirty-two bodies had been found.

About eighty were reported as wounded, some of whom have since died.

Information has been received that furnishes us with reliable accounts of 139 deaths caused by the tornado along the line of the Iowa and Nebraska road, including Camanche. On the Illinois side of the river the loss of life has not been quite so great, but we think we are safe in putting the total number of killed at 175. The wounded are by far more numerous, while the loss of property can not be definitely estimated. We hear of 150 cattle in one yard in Iowa that were all destroyed. Farm-houses, fences, crops, railroad cars, and all property that fell in the path of the tornado, was left in total ruin. There were hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of property destroyed, much of which will never be reported.

EXTENT OF THE STORM.

The tornado commenced in Linn County, Iowa, and stopped, as near as we can learn, in the vicinity of Elgin, in this State, thus traversing a distance of 180 miles. It varied in width from a half mile to two miles. It, of course, would carry objects sometimes in opposite directions, moving as it did with the motion of a whirlwind. We saw one house that had been lifted from its foundation, and carried two hundred feet in a course directly contrary to the regular course of the tornado.

INCIDENTS.

The escapes in all the places where the storm passed were often truly miraculous. In Albany, Mr. Slaymaker had repaired to the church for the purpose of ringing the bell for worship, but seeing the appearance of a heavy rain approaching, concluded not to ring it. Had the congregation been called together it would have been certain death to all, as the walls of the church, being built of brick, fell on the inside. We saw a small house that had been carried several rods with three persons in it, and set down without damage to the house or inmates. A little daughter of Mr. Swett was lying on a bed, and was blown with it twenty rods into a grove, from whence it came unharmed calling for its mother. An infant son of Mrs. Joseph Riley was buried beneath her, and it is thought that her own weight upon it was the cause of its death. One family took refuge in a meal-chest which, fortunately, proved strong enough to protect them from a mass of rubbish that covered them. Mrs. Oliver M'Mahan fell in a place where the floor of the first story had been previously partly broken, producing a sag or bend. The joists fell over her, but were long enough to reach over the bend, and thus saved her life. Mr. Effner had at one time been safely secure in his cellar, but going up for something to shield his child from the cold was killed instantly. We saw two children who were killed in the arms of their mothers. At Camanche the first story of a hardware store, with its contents, was carried into the river and lost, while the upper part of the building dropped down square upon the foundation as though placed there by mechanics. A child was blown from fifteen miles west of Camanche to that place and landed uninjured. One man in Iowa was taken up 200 feet. A family on a farm took refuge in a "potato hole," where they remained secure; but the house they left was completely demolished. Pieces of boards were picked up eight and ten miles from Albany, in both north and south directions. A wagon was lifted into the air, broken to pieces, and the tire of one of the wheels twisted out of all shape. Nine freight cars standing on the track at Lisbon were blown some distance from the place they were standing. The tornado raised immediately over the house of Mr. Minta, in Garden Plain, and descended to strike the next house beyond. We noticed that those living in frame-houses met with less loss of life than the inmates of brick or stone houses.

A passenger from the west informs us that a small boy was blown across Cedar River and his mangled body left in the forks of a tree.

In one family all that was left were three little girls, the father and mother and two children having been instantly killed. We saw where a fence board had been forced clear through the side of a house, endwise, and hundreds of shingles had forced themselves clear through the clap-boards of a house.

Another eye-witness says:

A chimney weighing about two tons was broken off at its junction with the roof, lifted into the air, and hurled down into the front yard, burying itself in the ground a depth of three feet without breaking or cracking a single brick. A light pine shingle was driven from the outside through the clap-boards, lath, and plaster, and projects two inches from the inside wall of a dwelling-house. No other known force could have accomplished this. A common trowel, such as is used by masons, was driven through a pine-knot in the side of a barn, projecting full two inches. In one spot was found a large pile of book-covers, every leaf from which was gone, and twisted into a thousand shapes. Leaves were stripped of their tissue, leaving the fibres clean and bare as if a botanist had nearly picked it off. Tree trunks were twisted several times round until they were broken off. The Millard House, a three-story brick structure, fronting north, was filled up from its foundation and turned completely round, so that the front door faced the south. It then collapsed, and seemed to fall outwardly as if in a vacuum, and, strange to relate, out of seventeen persons in the house only two were killed. One house upon the bank was lifted from its foundation and whirled into the river, crushing as it fell and drowning three persons, the inmates.

A piano was taken out of a house in the centre of the town and carried some distance to the river bank without breaking it.

The effects upon some of the houses near Camanche, which were in the outer edge of the tornado, were very curious. Upon some roofs the shingles were stripped off in fanciful shapes, a bare spot upon one roof exactly resembling the figure 8. Some roofs were entirely unshingled, and in some cases every clap-board was torn off. The sides of some houses were literally perforated with boards, splintered timbers, and sharp stakes. In some parts of Camanche, where houses stood thickly clustered together, there is not a vestige of one left. Another tract of about forty acres is covered with splinters of about two feet in length. The lower stories of some houses were blown out entirely, leaving the upper story upon the ground. The town is entirely ruined, and we do not see how it can ever be rebuilt. There are whole blocks of lots that are vacant entirely, with nothing but the cellar to indicate that a house ever stood there.

The whole atmosphere around the place is sickening, and a stench is pervading the whole path of the storm that is almost impossible to endure.

THE NEW PYGMALION.

It was one of those warm and balmy days that scatter the snowy page of winter with summery parentheses. The dreamy sunshine slanted, like a golden mist, through the southwest window of Philip Amber's studio, and gilded bronze and marble with mellow lustre. A half dozen or so of torpid flies, partially resuscitated by the unusual warmth, crooned a monotonous roundelay on the sunny panes; and the old-fashioned time-piece that stood, grim and stately, in the corner, ticked sadly, like the voice of an accusing spirit, through the little apartment, where the patient sculptor worked steadily at a plaster mould, whose dainty proportions were just beginning to rise from out the almost shapeless mass before him.

That little studio, with its high, oak-grained walls, and wide, deep-seated windows, was a miniature museum of the beautiful. Grand, old paintings, copies and originals of the ancient masters, invited the appreciative eye to feast upon their mellow beauty. A large engraving of Raphael's Sistine Madonna, hallowed with its divine features a shadowy niche, that only needed the burning taper to complete its resemblance to those old-world shrines and oratories where the devout pay their adoration to the Virgin. Statuettes of the Venus di Medici and the Apollo Belvedere glanced at each other from opposite brackets, while a beautiful cast of Dannecker's Ariadne adorned the mantle.

This last work was Philip's especial favorite. To his idealizing mind it was deeply suggestive: and he once remarked that humanity is borne away on the tide of its evil passions, as Ariadne is borne by the ferocious tiger; but tigers destroy the body, and passions the soul.

The afternoon deepened toward the twilight. An ashen cloud vailed the western sky, like a drop-curtain, leaving but a narrow strip of fiery orange crowning the mountain-tops, which were barely visible from the studio windows. Long shadows gloomed the corners of the room with dusky draperies; and the sculptor, laying aside his work, withdrew a short distance to view the result of his long day's toil.

A smile of satisfaction hovered about his mobile lips, and touched their saddened expression with a quiet grace; when the door softly opened, and there entered a young girl, whose calm, earnest face bore a faint resemblance to Raphael's Madonna di San Sisto.

"Is it you, Miriam?" asked the sculptor.

"Yes, father," the young girl answered in clear, soft tones, "it is me; and are you not ready to leave your work? Tea is waiting; but what have we here?" she asked, with an air of surprise, and she raised the curtains that she might see more distinctly the plaster mould on which her father had been engaged.

"Beautiful, father, beautiful!" she exclaimed; "and this is Evangeline?"

Her blue eyes glowed with unusual warmth as she spoke, and her appreciative enthusiasm lent new emphasis to her voice.

"Yes, it is my Evangeline," the sculptor answered, pleased with his daughter's praise; "but wait till it's completed, *then* see what you think of it."

"It is beautiful even now, father, and so very like some one I have seen; but come, tea is waiting."

And the two left the studio arm in arm for the adjoining room, which seemed the very abode of domestic happiness, every thing bore such a tasteful, home-like air. A bright coal fire glowed in the grate, the curtains shut out from sight the crowded street, while the astral lamp that stood on the tea-table, screened by a salmon-tinted shade, diffused a mellow, subdued radiance throughout the little snuggery.

When tea was nearly finished a servant entered and handed the sculptor a letter, which the postman had just left at the door.

"Whom is it from?" asked Miriam, laying her hand on her father's shoulder as he folded the letter carefully up after reading it, and fell into a brown study.

"What did you say?" he asked, abstractedly. "There it is, read it for yourself."

Miriam took the letter from its envelope, and drawing nearer the lamp, she perused its contents, which ran thus:

"Boston, *January*, 14, 18—.

"Dear Philip,—After much doubt and hesitation I write you concerning something which has caused me no slight anxiety; and I trust the long and well-tried friendship which has ever existed between us will be sufficient excuse for troubling you in the matter.

"My son Raphael, as you probably know, has long desired to become a sculptor; he feels that his talent lies in that direction; but I have sought to discourage him in all such eccentric ideas, and to divert his mind from this strange desire. But all in vain, as this letter proves; and now, at his urgent request, I write you to know whether or not you can take him under your guidance and tuition. He promises to be a diligent and docile pupil; and hoping you will find it convenient to accede to his and my request, I am,

"Truly, your friend,
"Paul Fielding."

"What shall you do, father?" asked Miriam, handing back the letter, and regarding the sculptor's expressive countenance.

"I hardly know," Philip answered. "And yet I can not well refuse," he added, musingly.

"Oh, take him, father," said Miriam, smiling. "You have often called me your Miranda, and now you need a Ferdinand to complete the comparison. Say 'Yes,' dear Prospero!" And the young girl laughed a low, musical laugh, that half-awakened the sleeping canaries on their perches.

"Be it so, then," replied the sculptor; "but guard well your heart, my little one, or

"'I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth;
And deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book.'"

"Spare your admonitions, father. You have no 'rough magic to abjure,'" answered Miriam. "I shall always remain with you, and never hold any one dearer."

The sculptor smiled doubtingly; and drawing his daughter fondly toward him, whispered, gayly,

"Perhaps so. Don't be *too* certain, *ma chérie!*"

Miriam blushed a dainty crimson, and darting away from his embrace opened the Alexandre organ that stood near by, and commenced playing an accompaniment to that plaintive old Scotch air, "Annie Laurie," which she sang in a soft, soprano voice.

There are *some* songs which become to the heart as a sort of bosom friend and confidant, to whom we intrust our dearest thoughts and emotions. So it was with this mournful tune, sad as the evening winds that bend the heather on the Highland moors, and which found a deep response in the young girl's soul, prematurely saddened by suffering and affliction.

While Miriam sang the sculptor's mind was lapped in a tender melancholy, a twilight of joy and sorrow, as he recalled the happy past, plucking here and there from its faded parterre a few withered flowers that scented the present with the merest ghost of an odor. He was dwelling, in memory, on the sweet face of his wife, who had "gone before," and whose fair lineaments he was striving to reproduce in his statue of Evangeline.

But he soon aroused himself from his mournful reverie, and commenced a reply to his friend Fielding, offering to receive Raphael as a pupil.

Miriam looked forward to young Fielding's arrival with eager joy. She had always led a sober, secluded life, seldom seeing persons of her own age and feelings; and so the coming of this Ferdinand to the quiet "Bermoothes" of the sculptor's home, formed a pleasant break in her life's dull monotony. Therefore it was nothing strange that between the two there should spring up a warm, devoted friendship. Young, enthusiastic, and gifted with artistic sympathies, each seemed formed for the other; and their acquaintance progressed from day to day till it finally deepened into intimacy.

Some one has quaintly remarked that "Friendship with woman is Love without wings." But with Miriam and Raphael Cupid soon gained himself pinions, and burst full-fledged upon their dazzled vision. Yet each heart concealed its own sentiments from the other, and each half-assured, half-fearful, a strange timidity grew up between them, and the old intimacy was no longer a bond of union.

Meanwhile the sculptor had completed his statue of Evangeline—a thing of wondrous skill and beauty. He might have called it the statue of holy, patient Resignation, so meek and submissive was the air that breathed from every feature. In realizing his ideal the sculptor had chosen the moment, so touchingly described by the poet, when Evangeline, having journeyed to the Jesuit Mission, where she is informed by the priest that Gabriel "far to the north has gone," entreats,

"Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted."

He represented her standing with bowed head and clasped hands, her rosary hanging from her waist, and her long wavy hair flowing over her shoulders, intertwined with flowers of the prairie.

Adjoining Philip's studio was a large gallery, of which he was the superintendent, where artists were wont to exhibit their productions, and there he placed his Evangeline, having invited a few artist-friends, with their wives and daughters, to spend an evening at his rooms in honor of its successful completion.

"Can we not have some tableaux from the young folk?" asked Philip, of Miriam and Raphael; "there is nearly a week to practice."

"Oh yes," answered Miriam, pleased with the idea; leave them to me, and I will get them up. Will you help me, Raphael?" And so the tableaux were immediately planned and arranged. Miriam chose the part of Evangeline. "I will rival your statue, father!" she said, gayly; "am I not presumptuous?"

"Rather," replied Philip; "but Heaven preserve you from a similar fate, *ma bien-aimée!*"

The appointed evening at last arrived; and Raphael, longing to make known his love to the sculptor's daughter, and uncertain of what response awaited him, strolled restlessly into the gallery, to view the wondrous statue, unconscious of its return to the studio. Miriam had preceded him there a few moments, and in the sombre twilight she practiced her attitude for Evangeline.

Raphael entered silently, and seated himself in a dark alcove. Miriam had just arranged her position, and stood in graceful beauty, her auburn hair—made lighter by the moonlight that streamed in at the dome—rippling negligently over her white-robed shoulders, and her hands clasped, as if in prayer for strength from God.

"A glorious statue!" thought Raphael. "The counterpart of Miriam's mother, and of Miriam herself," he added, aloud. "Ah, if she only returned my affection!"

And he arose to approach the statue.

But it fled precipitately, and left the new Pygmalion confused and astounded. Gradually the truth dawned upon his bewildered mind, and he departed in search of Miriam; but the arrival of guests detained him.

A disheartening thought now occurred. When Love enters the soul he seldom fails to discover, with his keen, searching gaze, a legion of fears and distrusts lurking there, like so many ghosts, to frighten him away.

"If Miriam loves me, why did she not confess her feelings, instead of fleeing so hastily, when I revealed her mine in such an open, though unintentional manner?"

Raphael could give himself no satisfactory answer; and turning round, he saw the pseudo-statue conversing with a well-known artist. Miriam's face was as pale as Carrara marble; agitation was visible in every feature and movement; and when the time for the tableaux arrived she excused herself from representing Evangeline, on plea of indisposition. She avoided Raphael all the evening; and when the guests departed she withdrew to her chamber, giddy, confused, and racked with emotion.

The next morning she excused herself from breakfast. Her father went to her room, and found her ill with a low, nervous fever. Toward evening her mind grew delirious; her thoughts wandered; and she murmured in a confused manner of Evangeline, and Raphael, who watched beside her, stung with unutterable fears, and imploring God to restore her to health. Oh ye who have watched long days and longer nights by the bed-side of one you loved with passionate affection, whose life trembled in the balance and threatened to expire, starting at each movement of the invalid sleeper, tracing the dusky shadows gathering about the eyes, feeling the fluttering pulse, and listening, ever and anon, to murmured words of delirium—ye alone can tell how lengthy seemed that week to him, and how deep was his anxiety, who loved the sculptor's daughter with all the affection that Gabriel cherished for Evangeline!

But Miriam at last grew better. It was a warm mid-April evening; the sun had just sunk behind the hills, and the curtains of the sick-chamber were looped back to let in the lingering light. She had slept nearly all the afternoon, and now she stirred convulsively, her eyes opened, and she whispered, "Raphael!"

He was beside her in a moment; but nothing more was said, save what was uttered by their eyes' mute eloquence.

The doctor soon entered, and bidding her be quiet, she sank to sleep again, while Raphael continued his faithful watch beside her, but now more calm and happy. That single word, "Raphael," opened to his soul visions of peace and blessedness.

The next morning Miriam sat up in bed, propped by bolster and pillows. A young girl is beautiful in the full glow of health, sharing the mirthful pleasures and dainty triumphs of her age; but she is never *more* beautiful than when convalescent. Sympathy, love's next-door neighbor, then joins herself to admiration, and a young man's heart is a poor citadel to withstand such allied forces that raise gentle mutiny and assault him in his own domain.

"What book are you reading?" Miriam asked Raphael, as she inhaled the fragrance of a bouquet of wood-violets and anemones.

He closed the volume with a confused air, and answered, hesitatingly,

"Longfellow's 'Evangeline.'"

Miriam's pale cheeks flushed a delicate scarlet, and, in a faltering voice, she said,

"Read me the last canto, Raphael."

The young man commenced reading in a low, tremulous tone; but when he reached the touching passage descriptive of Evangeline's recognition of Gabriel in the alms-house he could read no further; but throwing the book aside, he grasped the invalid's emaciated hands, and raising them to his lips he stammered, brokenly,

"Oh, Miriam! let me be thy Gabriel, and thou be my Evangeline!"

Miriam closed her eyes dreamily, as if listening to music she had long been thirsting to hear.

"Nay, our love will terminate too soon then," whispered the invalid, softly. "But I will be thy Miranda, and thou my Ferdinand!"

"Ah, yes," said Raphael, gratefully. "But here comes Prospero. Let us ask his consent."

"Which I grant," said the sculptor, seeing the happy looks of daughter and pupil, and guessing the state of things. "In the words of my worthy prototype: 'Sit then and talk with her—she is thine own.' But, *ma chérie*, you promised never to hold any dearer than me."

Miriam was sunk in too blissful a reverie to reply; while Raphael was busy studying her features, which he reproduced a few months afterward in a statue of "Miranda confessing her love to Ferdinand" that gained him great applause.

ANCELLA.

BY A. BARRY.

When the sun comes through the windows,
And through the open door,
With a gray and golden carpet
Striping the kitchen floor,

He can not choose but kiss her,
As quiet and pale she stands
Wringing the coarse white garments
With her little reddened hands.

He follows her when she splashes
Her hands in the foamy tub,
Half encircles her waist so slender
As she leans o'er the board to rub.

When round her pale, wide forehead
His fingers have toying been,
I wonder if he hath listened
To the thoughts that sing within.

I know that her lips have murmured
Of Enid and Elaine,
Or some passionate words in German,
Matched with a mournful strain.

This pale-faced maid in the kitchen
Hath dreams as sweet and rare
As ever in poet's story
Had lady or princess fair.

And the sun, who in his journeys
All the maidens of earth may see,
Knows well there is not a princess
More pure and good than she.

Heroic as fair Godiva,
And gentle as sweet Elaine,
She bends to her homely duties
In a kitchen low and plain.

If I were a prince, and worthy,
She should sit with me on a throne;
But now, she is far above me
In her palace of dreams alone.

THE BROKEN MERCHANT.

"You remember the fall of -'57?"

"It would be singular if I did not."

Two merchants were in conversation. One, the first speaker, was a man past fifty, with a face that showed marks of care and anxious thought—not present care and thought, but only the signs of what had been. You saw at a glance that life's hard experience in the business world had not deadened the beat of human sympathy in his heart. The other was a younger man, with a firm, confident mouth, and an eye that showed energy and purpose. There was nothing of the selfish hardness that we often see in countenances of his type.

"Have you not missed old familiar faces since then?" said the elder of the two men.

"Many," was answered. "Many. Yet no one seems to think of the wounded or maimed in life's battle."

"No; nor of what they may yet be suffering."

"How quickly a man who is thrust by misfortune outside of our business circle is forgotten!"

"Yes. Or if remembered, it is with an unforgiving spirit for the loss that was suffered when he fell. You have not forgotten T. L——, leading partner in the firm of T. L—— & Co.?"

"No; of course not. Poor man! He struggled hard to keep up when that fearful storm raged; but it was too fierce and strong for him. Oh, yes, I remember L——."

"I saw him a few days ago."

"Ah! Is he in the city?"

"Yes, or, rather, in our vicinity."

"There was scarcely a day, for years before the 'panic,' that I did not meet him. Our houses had many transactions together. But since that time he has not once crossed my path. He vanished from among us like one who dies. I have not thought of him for more than a year. And he is still in or near the city?"

"Yes."

"What is he doing?"

"Not much, I think. You remember what a fine presence he had. What a steady eye, and uplifted countenance?"

"Very well. He was one of the pleasantest men to do business with I ever knew. Prompt, gentlemanly, clear-headed, and highly honorable."

"You would hardly know him now."

"Indeed!"

"The change is painful. If any who lost by his failure remember him with unkindness, they need only to see him to dismiss the feeling."

"I thought," said the younger of the two men, "that L—— had naturally a great deal of reactive power—that if he went down in any disaster, he would struggle up again."

"Such was my opinion. But it seems that we were mistaken. He was proud and sensitive; and felt himself, in a certain sense, disgraced by his failure. Some merchants fail half a dozen times in their lives, scramble up on their feet again, look boldly or bravely into men's faces, and move onward as confidently as if nothing had happened. There are others of finer or weaker stuff, who are too cowardly, or too sensitive on the score of obligation, to face their old associates. Mr. L—— is one of these. Poor man! I feel sad when I think about him."

"When and where did you see him? I am interested in his case."

"I am glad to hear you use the word interest. It was in order to awaken in your mind a feeling of interest for Mr. L—— that I spoke of him. As a class we are to blame for lack of sympathy with men who, after suffering misfortune in business, shrink away from among us into almost helpless obscurity. Business honor is a sacred thing in the minds of all rightly thinking men. A true merchant is sensitive on this point in a high degree. Touch him here, and you touch him vitally. He may never recover from the wound. He goes out from among us, but comes not back. We neglect, perhaps forget him; he is stung to the quick. He feels disgraced. All his mind falls into morbid action. Alas! how many hundreds of such, whose faces we have not seen for years, are hiding from common observation in our city, suffering poverty as well as pain! We forget our business associates too soon. We let them pass from our memories and our sympathies as if they were only automatons.

"But I was speaking of Mr. L——. You have the old, pleasant picture of him in your mind. Look at it for a moment. Now I give you the reverse. I was over in Williamsburg a few days ago; and having occasion to make an inquiry, stepped into a little office where orders were taken for coal. It was not in size over six by eight feet. In one corner was an old, grim-looking pine desk, at which a man was sitting. His dress was in keeping with the place, and not exactly in keeping either; for I noticed that, though worn, soiled, and mended in places here and there, it was not of common material. My question was answered in a polite, kind way; but in a tone that lingered, and stirred my feelings a little unusually. My glance into his face was momentary, but the expression of that lingered also.

"'I have seen this man before,' said I to myself, as I turned from the little office. 'Who can he be?' And I tried hard to identify the voice and features. But no familiar personality came up in my mind. After transacting the business which took me to Williamsburg, I made my way to the ferry, and was stepping on board the boat to return to New York when my perplexity of mind in regard to the individuality of the man I had seen for only a moment became so intrusive that I stood still, and said to myself:

"'I must know who he is.'

"Turning, I walked slowly along the street, questioning in my mind as to whether I should go back to the coal-office, or ask, in the neighborhood of its location, the attendant's name. I concluded to see the man himself, and so called once more at the office. I found him still sitting at the high desk, which took up nearly half the space inclosed by the office walls.

"'Did you find the place?' he asked, as I looked in at the door. There was a kind, gentlemanly manner about him, but not much life in his tones. I was more struck than at first with the familiar expression of his countenance. The voice I had certainly heard before.

"I thanked him for the direction he had given me, and replied that I had found the place I was seeking. Then I said:

"'Haven't I met you before, Sir? I ought to know your face.'

"I was struck with his changed expression. The inquiry was plainly not wholly agreeable.

"'Pardon me,' I said, quickly, 'if my question is in any way obtrusive.' He had dropped his face a little, and turned it partly away.

"'No, Sir, it is not obtrusive,' he answered, still with his face slightly averted. There was a subdued tone in his voice, which was not sadness, yet so near akin that it stirred in me a feeling of sympathy. 'You have met me before.'

"'Where?' I looked at him closely, but failed to make out his identity.

"'In New York.' Still I was at fault.

"'May I ask your name?'

"He raised his eyes, and looked at me steadily for a few moments—steadily, and I thought curiously.

"'And you have really forgotten me!' A faint sigh came to my ears. 'But no wonder,' he added, in a lower voice, 'I am not as I was when we met almost daily. Misfortune breaks a man down, and changes him rapidly. My name is L——.'

"'Not of the old firm of T. L—— & Co.?'

"'The same.' My tone of surprise did not seem to stir the dead level of his feelings.

"I took his hand and held it firmly, while I looked into his wasted countenance with all the kind interest I felt.

"'It can't be possible,' I said. 'T. L——!'

"'It is possible and actual,' he replied.

"'You knew me?'

"'Certainly, the moment you came in.'

"'Why didn't you call me by name?' I asked.

"'You might not have cared to know me; and I have no desire to intrude myself upon old business acquaintances.'

"'This is not the place for you,' said I, glancing around the little office. My tone was firm.

"'I have learned to be thankful for even a place like this,' he replied.

"How the words touched me! For my thought went back to that neatly carpeted counting-room in which you and I have so often sat with him; to the large warehouse that held the costly goods he called his own; to the elegant home in which he had surrounded his family with luxury. Thankful even for that narrow apartment, which stifled you with its close walls as if it were a coffin! And surely the man had buried his hopes there. What a change for two short years!

"'Is this business your own?' I asked.

"'Oh no!' The answer was quick, as if the very question surprised him.

"'You are paid for attending the office and taking orders?'

"'Yes.'

"'Do not think me intrusive, but I would like to ask as to the salary you get.'

"His brows closed a little. 'Three hundred dollars,' he replied, after some hesitation.

"'Only three hundred!' I did not attempt to conceal my surprise.

"He smiled faintly, repeating, in answer, what he had said before, 'I have learned to be thankful for even a place like this.'

"'But,' said I, 'you are competent to fill a better and higher place. This won't do. A man with your business capabilities must not be lost from his right sphere.'

"'I don't know that I have any business capabilities,' he answered, in a desponding way.

"'Others know it if you do not,' said I, confidently. 'But why have you kept yourself so entirely aloof from your old friends?'

"'Friends? I have no friends.'

"'Old business friends, I mean.'

"'There are no friendships in business,' he replied, contracting his brows.

"'Business is business, and friendship friendship,' I returned. 'Because a man is engaged in business, it isn't conclusive against him that he has no heart.'

"'He may have heart for his own kith and kin, but the men with whom he does business come to be regarded as the tools and machinery by which he makes money. If they break, and can't be mended again, they are cast aside as useless, and no longer thought of or cared for.'

"He spoke with considerable bitterness. I felt the truth of what he said.

"'There are many exceptions to this,' was my answer, 'as you might have proved long ago had you not so wholly withdrawn yourself from old associations.'

"He shook his head doubtfully.

"'What of your family?' I ventured to ask. I remembered his wife and daughters. The former, a bright, intelligent, rather fashionable woman; the latter, two handsome, well-educated girls, who had only made their way into society a year before their father's failure.

"I half regretted the question, it moved him so strongly. His face, which had shown no very marked feeling, now fairly rippled with emotion.

"'I am not asking from idle curiosity,' said I. 'My interest is sincere. You have not sought me out, but I have discovered you. Will you not speak to me of your present condition as it is? I remember Mrs. L——, and I remember your daughters. Are they still living?'

"I was sincere, and he could not help feeling it.

"'Yes, thank God!' he replied, in a subdued way. 'They are living, and have been every thing to me.'

"'They are in Williamsburg?'

"'Yes. We live here. The girls are teaching.'

"'A school?' I asked.

"'No; Agnes teaches music, and Clara French and drawing.'

"'New York is a better place for them,' said I.

"'It might be; but we can not afford to live there.'

"He did not answer very freely. Misfortune and suffering had not, it was plain, crushed all the pride out of him. Our interview was embarrassed, at least on his side.

"'I will see you again, Mr. L——,' said I, on parting with him. 'There's something better for you than this.' I spoke cheerfully and confidently.

"He thanked me for the interest I had manifested, and went so far as to say that if I could help him into a better position I would lay him under a deep obligation."

The young merchant to whom this relation was made sat silent for some time after his companion ceased speaking.

"You have given me the heartache," he said, at length. "I remember Clara and Agnes very well. They were lovely, attractive girls; the reigning belles for a season. But little over two years have gone by, and now they are humble teachers toiling in obscurity for bread. I have daughters. The bare thought that it may be so with them sends through me a throb of pain. And yet my position in business is not so good as the one that was held by Mr. L——. Will it be my turn next?"

"It is well," said the oldest of the two men, "to bring these matters home to ourselves. It will help us better to feel for others. Among business men there is too little sympathy for the unfortunate. They go down amidst the stormy waters, and no man thinks of grappling to save them."

"We must save L——," responded the other, resolutely.

"We must. Only three hundred dollars for such a man! Just think of it! Now I will tell you what we can do, if we go rightly to work. I have thought it out; but much will depend on you, as you are younger and more active than I am."

"Tell me what to do and the thing shall be done."

"There is to be an election for President of the A—— Insurance Company on next Monday. L—— is just the man; and the salary is twenty-five hundred dollars. I own a few shares of stock, and so do you; and what is better, you are a Director."

"The very place for him!" And the younger of the two merchants struck his hands together. "But how is it to be managed? Colson is talked about for the place."

"He isn't fit for it. L—— must get the election; and I think you and I can bring the right influence to bear. We will try at least."

"We will!" was the resolute answer.

Where there is a will there is usually the way. A week from the time our kind-hearted merchant met Mr. L—— in his humble position of clerk in a coal-office he saw him again in the same place, and handed him, without a word of comment, a letter announcing his election as President of the A—— Insurance Company. Mr. L—— read it twice before making any response. There was a great change in his countenance when he looked up into the merchant's face.

"This is your good work," he said, quietly.

"I have taken part in it," replied the merchant.

L—— grasped his hand, held it tightly for a few moments, and then, as tears fell over his cheeks, said, in a broken voice,

"God bless you!"

The merchant had his reward at that moment in full measure, shaken down and running over.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES;

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.
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CHAPTER XXII.

PLEASURE.

"BABETTE," said Captain Brand, as he tapped a spoon against his coffee-cup and puffed his cigar—while the stout dumb negress was removing the remains of the light dinner—"Babette, old girl, you know that we are going to leave here in a few days, and I should like to know whether you care to go with us or remain here on the island."

The negress made a guttural grunt of assent, and nodded her head till the ends of her Madras turban fluttered.

"Ho! you do, eh? Well, my Baba! I shall be sorry to leave you, for you will be very lonely here, and it may be a long, very long time before I come back."

Babette jerked her chin up this time and did not grunt.

"It's all the same, eh? old lady! Well; I shall leave enough to eat to last you a lifetime; but you will have to change your quarters, my Baba, and live in the Padre's shed, for I—a—don't think this house will be inhabitable long after I am gone."

The negress gave another grunt and nod of assent.

"Yes. Well, old lady, the matter is decided, then; but in case you should have any visitors here after we have gone, you won't take any trouble to describe what you have seen here? No! That shake of your head convinces me—not if they roast you alive?"

The hideous sign of understanding that the woman expressed in her dumb way would have convinced any body without the trouble of uttering a word.

"Bueno," said Captain Brand, "that will do for to-day."

Rising as he spoke, he stepped to a cabinet, slipped a large handful of doubloons in his trowsers pocket, put on his hat, and walked out.

The sea-breeze swept over the island with its full strength, making the lofty cocoa-nuts bow their tufted tops, the palm-trees rustle their broad flat leaves and clash the stems together. The mangroves bent, too, before the wind, and the sand eddied up in tiny whirls amidst the great expanse of cactus, while the vessels swung with taut chains to their anchors. Even Captain Brand's hat nearly was blown off his dry light hair as he joined his compadre Don Ignacio at the landing; and the sandy dust blinded—though only for a moment—that one-eyed individual's optic, and put out his cigarrito as they struggled against the influence of the breeze. But they walked on in the direction of the sheds, and as they passed through the court-yard where the men were lounging about in yawning groups or sitting under the piazza, playing cards—getting up and touching their hats as their chief passed—Señor Pedillo accosted him thus:

"Capitano, the people are thirsty, and desire a small barrel of wine."

"Not a drop, Señor Pedillo—not so much as would wet the bill of a mosquito! To-morrow at daylight let all hands be called, for we have work to do, and we must be quick to do it."

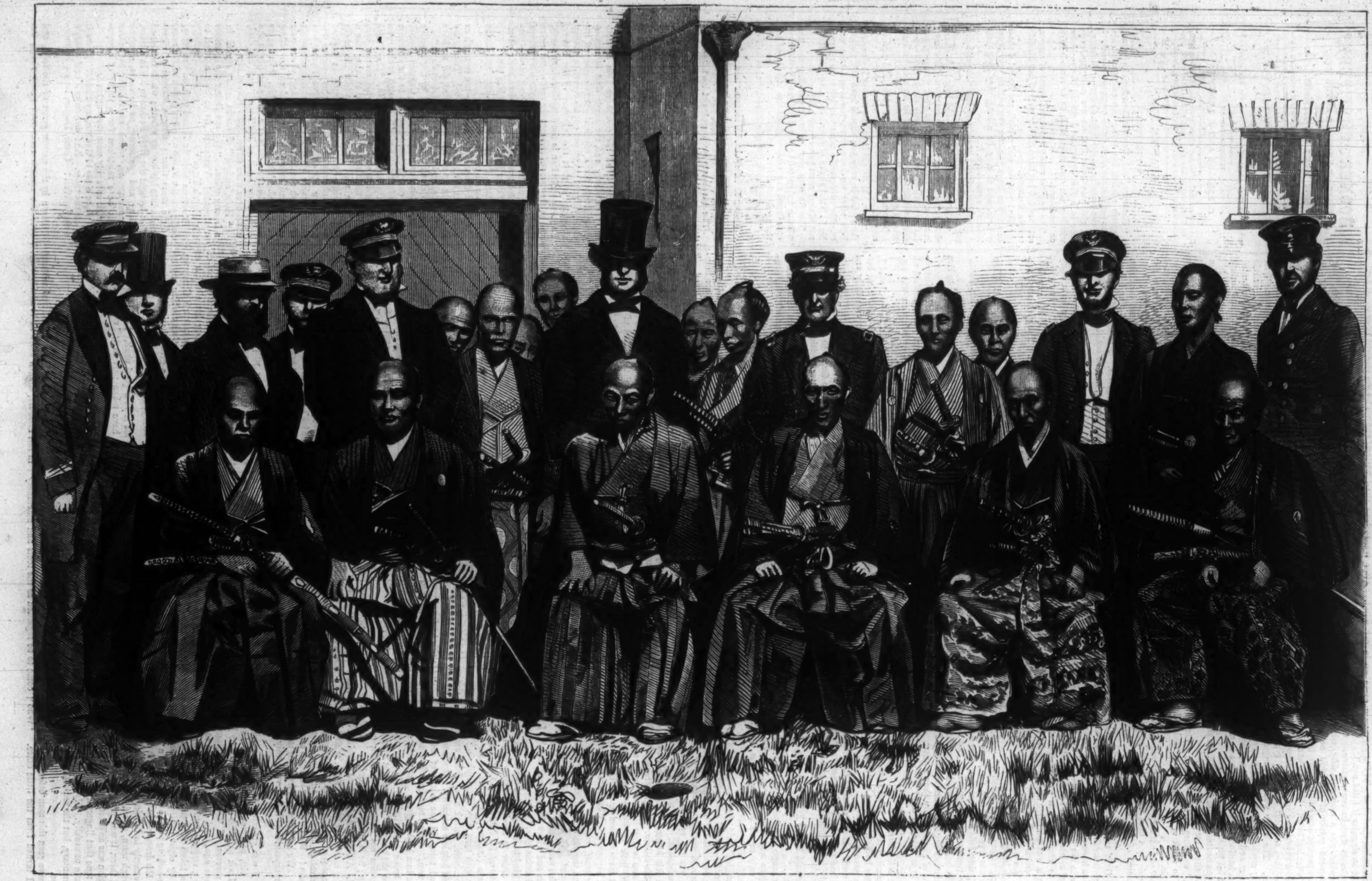
Pedillo slunk away, abashed by the positive tone of his commander; and Captain Brand, with his companion, passed on to the domicile of the Padre and Doctor. Pausing at the open door of the shed, they looked in. The Padre was lying flat on his back on his narrow bed, with his mouth wide open, and snoring like a key-bugle with leaky stops; while his beads and crucifix—misplaced emblems in contact with drunkenness and debauchery—were reposing on his ample chest. The Doctor was sitting beside his own couch, whispering words of childish comfort to the little boy, whose pale cheeks and brown curls reposed on the pillow of the bed. The poor child's thin, limp fingers rested like the petals of a drooping lily in the dark, bony hand of his friend, and his dim, hazel eyes were turned sadly toward him.

"Hola, amigos!" shouted Captain Brand, in a hearty voice. "We are losing the glorious sea-breeze! Vamanos! let us take a stroll to the Tiger's Trap."

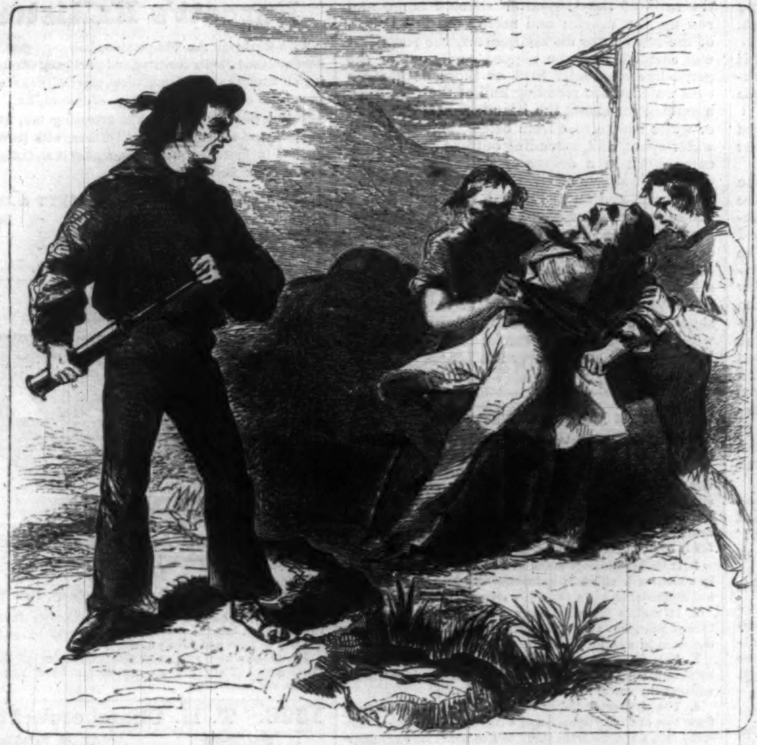
Hereupon Captain Brand entered the room, and gave the Padre a violent tweak of the nose, at the same time puffing a volume of cigar-smoke into his beastly mouth; which combined effort brought the Holy Father to life in a trice, choking, and sputtering, as he arose, a jargon of paternosters, which an indifferent hearer might have mistaken for a volley of execrations, so savagely were they uttered.

"Take a sip of Geneva, my Padre? There it is, on the table. Ah! do you call half a bottle a sip? Well! Come, Doctor, let us be moving."

Down by the narrow gorge of the inlet, and over the smooth rocks and shelly shore, the



THE JAPANESE EMBASSY AND THEIR ATTENDANTS.—[From a Photograph by Brady.]



"AND I, TOO, KEEP MY OATHS; AND WITHOUT WAITING TWENTY YEARS, I STRIKE NOW!"

party took their way—Don Ignacio leading, with the amiable Priest, on whom he glared with his malevolent eye, as if—he not being a person from whom money or its equivalent could be squeezed—the greedy old Spaniard would like to transfix him with a glance. In the rear came Captain Brand and the Doctor; the former as gay as a bird—of the vulture species—and his companion grave, severe, and preoccupied. Stopping as they reached the Tiger Trap battery, where, after Captain Brand had made a close inspection of the guns, and held sharp confabs with the men who rose to receive him, he moved away a few steps, and resting his body against the lee side of a projecting rock, he removed the cigar from his frozen lips, and said,

"The arguments you have urged, Monsieur, and the views you entertain, have a certain amount of reason in them. It is true you were deceived in coming here, but yet you swore to remain, and not betray us, when you did come. Well—ah! don't interrupt me; I divine what you are going to say—you did not know what our real character was. Perhaps not. Nevertheless, I can not consent to your going away with that old rascal, Don Ignacio, there; that is, if he would take you, which I think he would not, as your presence on board might compromise him with the Cuban authorities; and," went on Captain Brand, as he crossed his legs, and held his fine Panama hat on his head as a ruffle of the sea-breeze shot around the rock, "with respect to your remaining here on the island, you will only have that dumb old beast of a Babette for company, and it is highly probable that the English or American cruisers will be down upon you before a change of the moon; and they might—a—hang you, perhaps, for a pirate. Ho! ho!"

"If Don Ignacio declines to take me, Captain Brand, of course I can not go in the felucca; but let come what will, I am resolved not to sail in the *Centipede*."

The Pirate regarded the Doctor for a moment with a cold, freezing look, not wanting, however, in a partial glimmer of respect and admiration, as he thus resolutely stated his determination; and then, putting his finger lightly on the Doctor's arm, as he saw Don Ignacio and the Padre draw near, he said, impressively, in a low tone,

"Monsieur le Docteur, do not make hasty resolutions. *I* command here, and my will is law. I will turn the matter over, however, in my mind, and give you a final decision before we part to-night. Now let us return. The sun is down, and the rocks are slippery.

"Well, caballeros, let us have a little social amusement," said Captain Brand, as he sat down at the table in the Padre's and Doctor's quarters, and wound up his splendid watch—the present from the Captain-General of Cuba. "But bear in mind that we must break up at midnight, for our compadre here has a multitude of articles to get on board his felucca to-night, and I must be astir at daylight."

Did Captain Brand think, while he turned the key of that gold repeater, of the blood-stained wretch he had put to death in the morning, who was lying stark and stiff in his narrow, damp resting-place; or of the poor little sufferer, who had been torn from his heart-broken mother, sleeping near him? Oh no!—certainly not! Captain Brand was thinking of a little game of monté.

The Padre lugged out a small store of dollars, and a gold ounce or two, and other stray bits of gold, down to quartitos or eighths of doubloons—all of it donations made him for remission of sins and absolutions, presented, at one time and another, from the pirates of his flock; such donations falling in pretty rapidly after a successful cruise, but dwindling away to most contemptible gifts long before his flock took to sea again.

Captain Brand was very liberal to his crew, dividing a great deal of money with them; but since he rarely visited any foreign ports, they had little chance of squandering it; and in the end it served merely as a gaming currency to play with, and eventually coming back to him as contributions for stores, ammunition, rigging, and so forth. The Captain, therefore, was a large gainer by the operation, as most of the articles in eating and drinking, and the vessel's outfit, were—as we know—generally presented to him; so that he was enabled to stow away the cash for future gratification.

Don Ignacio Sanchez was likewise a moneyed man, and came provided with a long pouch of solid gold, which he made into little piles before him of the exact size of those of the Captain. The Doctor, however, declined to play, and sat an indifferent spectator of the game.

"Let us begin, Señores!" exclaimed the Don, as he rapidly shuffled the cards, and his keen, black spark of fire lit up with animation at the rich prospect before him. "We are losing precious time. I'll be Banquero! Vamanos!"

So they began. The cards were dealt, and the betting went on. The Padre forgot Breviary and beads in his excitement, and as his little pointings were swept away, he forgot, too, the sacred ejaculations he was wont to lard his discourse with, and he became positively profane. The Captain won largely in the beginning, and jeered his compadre with great zest and enjoyment; but that one-eyed old Spanish rascal was not in the least disturbed, and bided his time. At first the conversation was light and jovial, Captain Brand insisting upon the Doctor describing minutely how he had hacked his friend Gibbs's leg off with a hand-saw, laughing hugely thereat, and wiping the icy tears from his cold blue eyes with his delicate cambric handkerchief. Then the fascinating game began to fluctuate, and the luck set back with a steady run into the piles of the banker. Captain Brand liked as little to lose his money as any other gambler in cards or dice, and he was somewhat chafed in spirit; but what especially irritated him was losing it to that wrinkle-faced, one-eyed, greedy old scoundrel, with no possible hope of ever seeing a dollar of it again. As for the Padre, he was dead broke, and since his friends would not lend him a real, and the banker did not play upon credit, he sat moodily by, and gloated over the winnings of the Tuerto, and cursed his own luck and that of his companions likewise.

"Ho!" growled Captain Brand, "*maldito á la sota!* I have lost my last stake!"

Even while he spoke the poor little boy murmured, in a sobbing voice, "Mama, chère mama!" and turned uneasily in his little nest from his fitful slumber.

"That crying brat again!" said the now angry Pirate, as he hurled the Padre's half empty gin jug in the direction of the couch, which crashed against the wall, and fell in a shower of glass splinters over the little sleeper.

The child gave one terrified shriek, and starting from the bed in his little night dress, now soiled and torn, he ran and threw himself on his knees before the Doctor. Another bottle was raised aloft by the long muscular arm of the Pirate; but before you could wink, that arm was arrested, and the missile twisted from his grasp.

"For shame, you coward! Don't harm the boy. He will die soon enough in this awful den without having his brains dashed out."

"Ho, Monsieur le Docteur!" muttered the villain, looking as if he would like to taste the heart's-blood of the resolute man who stood before him, "do you presume to call names and oppose *my* will?"

But, controlling his passion with a violent contortion of face that would have made one's blood run cold to see it, he changed his tone, and said:

"Nonsense, Doctor; you seem to take rather a strong interest in the brat—possibly an injudicious one; but since he is my prize, you know, by law, come, what will you give for him? Ah, happy thought, we will play for him! There, deal away, compadre. Sota and cavallo! I take the sota again, and you ten doubloons against the boy on the cavallo."

The Doctor said not a word, but nodded assent, and seemed absorbed in the game.

"Presto! Turn the cards, you old sinner. Quick! Por dios! horse has kicked me, and the knave loses! Monsieur, the brat is yours."

Then, starting up, Captain Brand hastily pulled out his watch, and said: "Hola, caballeros, the time is up! I must say good-night."

Don Ignacio's brown thin fingers, like a dentist's steel nippers, laid down the cards and carefully picked up his winnings, even to the smallest bit of the precious metal, and dropped it piece by piece into his long pouch, following them each with his glittering eye, and smiling with his wrinkled old lips as the dull chink of the coin fell upon his ear. When he had performed this operation he tied up the mouth of the bag as if he was choking somebody to death; and then, twitching something which was partly hidden in his sleeve, he arose in readiness to go out.

As, however, Captain Brand turned to follow his compadre, he looked carelessly toward the Doctor, and said:

"By-the-way, Monsieur, I have made up my mind with respect to our conversation to-day, and you *shall* remain on the Island. No thanks. Adieu. Now, Don Ignacio, if your men and boats are at the cove we will make sharp work with your business. Vamanos!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

WORK.

WHEN the Pirate stood in his saloon on the morning subsequent to the pleasurable events of the Sunday previous, he, as well as his saloon, presented altogether a different aspect. The apartment had been stripped of all its rare and costly furniture, cabinets, candelabra, plate, china, and glass; and nothing of value was left save the camphor trunks on the floor, the cane-bottomed settee, a few chairs, and a table. All the beautiful things, ornamental as well as useful, had disappeared, even to the rich packages of merchandise in the great vault beneath. The late possessor, however, of all that worldly wealth did not appear to be at all discomposed, or to cherish the faintest pang of regret at his loss. In truth he seemed to be relieved from an uncomfortable load of responsibility, and feeling assured, perhaps, that in roaming about the world he could select a still more valuable collection: only give him time, and he would exercise his critical taste with every pleasing variety. It was thus he consoled himself as he stood there in his now denuded room, attired in a pair of coarse canvas trowsers, a red flannel shirt, with a short sharp hanger on his hip and a double-barreled pistol in his belt—quite the costume in which he so singularly shocked Doña Lucia, whose lovely miniature once hung there on the wall in company with the other miserable victims of his lust.

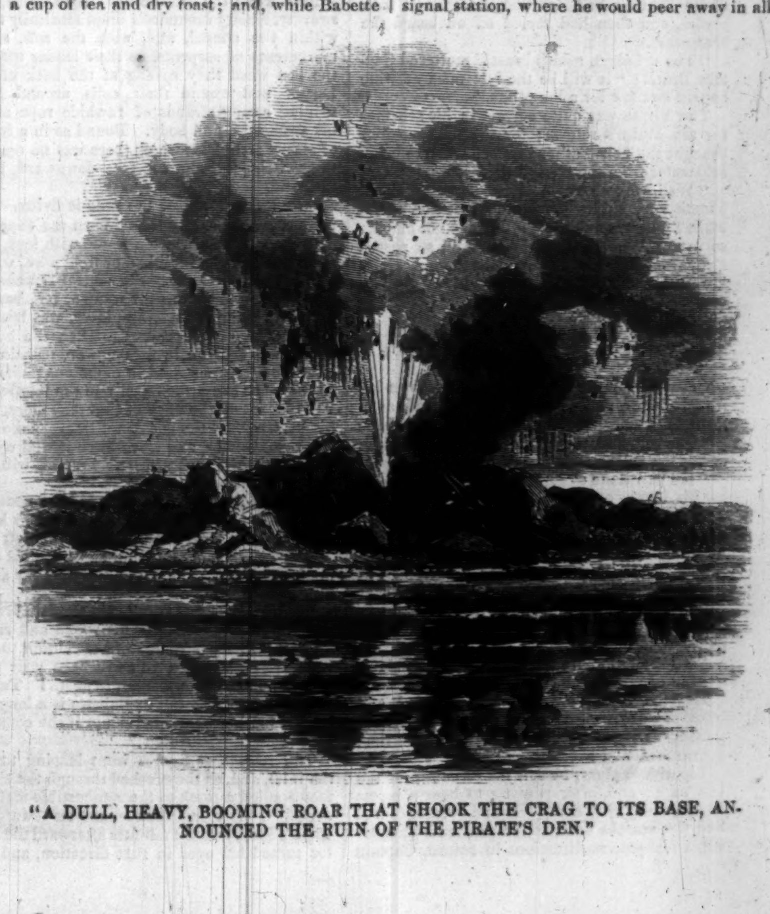
Captain Brand had just entered his dwelling, having been up and actively occupied ever since we last parted with him. Now he had come for a cup of tea and dry toast; and, while Babette was bringing that simple breakfast, the Pirate stood, tall, erect, and powerful, with one muscular arm resting high above his head on the side of the door-way, and the other lying lightly on the shark's-skin hilt of his cutlass, looking out to seaward—a very model, as he was, of a cool, prudent, desperate pirate.

"Ah! there you go, you crafty old miser, in your guarda costa! Take care, my compadre, of that reef. If that felucca's keel touches one of those coral ledges there won't be a tooth-pick left of her in ten minutes. San Antonio! but that *was* a close shave! How the sharks would rasp your bones, for there's no flesh on them! Grazed clear, eh? Bueno! now you're in blue water, you old wretch, and make the most of it."

Captain Brand waved his hand in adieu to the felucca, which, with the wind off shore, had crept through the coral gate-way, and, with her great lateen sail and green glancing bottom, was rising and falling on the long swell as she slipped away to the eastward. He then gulped down his tea, made one or two savage bites at his toast, and again walked out to the veranda, descended the ladder, and took his course toward the basin.

There, too, the scene had changed; and instead of the tranquil, shelly shore, only agitated by the musical rippling from the pure little inlet, or the faint cry of a sea-gull, or the chirps of the lizards in the crevices of the rocks there across the basin, those sounds had given place to the nimble feet and voices of busy sailors. The *Centipede*, also, had been towed from her moorings to a jetty which projected into the water from the shore, and there she lay, careened down, her keel half out of water, with a dozen of her crew scrubbing her lean sides till the green-coated copper came flashing out in the sunlight like burnished gold. With her slanting masts lashed to the jetty, carpenters were engaged reducing the length of the foremast and trimming out a spar for a new bowsprit. The long gun with its carriage lay near, and artisans were at work at a temporary forge, hammering out bolts and straps to replace those which were weakened by long service. On the shore, too, were a score or more of the pirate gang—Spaniards, Negroes, Indians, Italians, and who not—ferocious-looking scoundrels, busy as bees, splicing and knotting ropes, stretching new rigging, cutting running gear from the coils of hemp or Manilla-grass rope, or making spun yarn and chafing-mats; while beneath the low mat sheds hard by, sail-makers were stitching away with their shining needles, making a set of square sails for the changed rig of the *Centipede*, or repairing old sails. But this was not all; for in a shed beyond was the armorer, with a few hands, grinding pikes and cutlasses and cleaning small-arms; while further still was the gunner and his mate, filling powder-cases for the long gun and swivels, and making up musket and pistol ball-cartridges.

In the midst of all these busy doings moved Captain Brand; hither and thither, from vessel to forge, from sails to rigging; giving clear, sharp directions in various languages—commendation here, reproof there—inspecting with his own cold eyes every thing; judging of all; quick, active, ready; never at a loss for an expedient, and urging on the work like a thoroughbred seaman, as he was, who knew his own duty and how to make others do theirs. So went on the refitting of the *Centipede* all through the burning hot tropical day; and while the half-exhausted crew took a respite in the scorching noon for dinner, still their leader toiled on. Or, if he took a rest, it was in closely scrutinizing the progress made by his men, or in puffing a cigar like to a small high-pressure engine, or in clambering up the steep face of the crag to the signal station, where he would peer away in all



"A DULL, HEAVY, BOOMING ROAR THAT SHOOK THE CRAG TO ITS BASE, ANNOUNCED THE RUIN OF THE PIRATE'S DEN."

directions around the island—never missing the glance of a pelican's pinion or the leap of a fish out of water. Then he would return to the cove, and begin anew the work. It was no longer the elegant Captain Brand, in knee-breeches, point-lace sleeves, and velvet doublet, seated at his luxurious table groaning under splendid plate, fine wines, and brilliant wax lights, and dispensing a profuse hospitality; but Captain Brand, the Pirate, in tarry rig, amidst sailors, sails, and cordage, munching a bit of hard biscuit at times or a cube of salt junk out of a mess kid; but ever ready, never weary, and always up to the professional mark.

At the first gray blush of dawn on the following day Captain Brand was astir again, and before the sun went down behind the waves the schooner *Centipede* had been transformed into a brigantine, her foremast reduced, new standing rigging fitted for it, with a new bowsprit and head-booms, her rail raised four or five feet by shifting bulwarks, and a temporary house built on deck over the long gun. She was also painted afresh, with a white streak; and, with false head-boards on her bows to hide her snake-like snout of a cutwater, no one, unless in the secret, could have known that the clumsy box of a merchantman lying there was once the low, swift, piratical schooner which had made so notorious a name in the West Indies. Still the work was driven on with scarcely any intermission—a few hours' repose for the crew at night and an hour for dinner in the day; but as for Captain Brand, he never slept at all—a doze for an hour or two, perhaps, on his settee in the saloon, and a cup of tea in the morning, with cigar-smoke, satisfied his frugal requirements. The next day by noon the water and stores were got on board the brigantine, her magazine stowed, the dunnage of the crew transferred from the sheds, the Captain's camphor trunks on board, and cabin in order, the sails bent, anchors on the bows, and, swinging to a hawser made fast to the rocks, the vessel was ready to put to sea at any moment.

"Pedillo," said Captain Brand, as his vigilant gaze took in all around him and then rested on the *Centipede*—"Pedillo, you may warp the vessel down to the mouth of the Tiger's Trap so soon as you've strewed some fagots ready for lighting in the sheds. When you get to the Trap tell the gunner, Gomez, to take a gang of hands and give that battery a good coat of coal tar, plug the vents of the guns, and bury carriages and all in the sand beside the magazine. Tell him to destroy the powder, and pitch overboard all he can't conceal; and let him bear a hand about it, for we shall sail with the last of the sea-breeze toward sunset.

"And Pedillo"—here the Pirate's voice dropped to a whisper—"come back after the vessel is secured, and bring that Maltese fellow without a nose with you. It will be as well, perhaps, for you to provide yourself with a few fathoms of rawhide strips, as we may have occasion to use it. Quien sabe?"

Señor Pedillo's black wiry beard fairly bristled as he grinned understandingly at his superior; and, getting into a bit of a canoe at the jetty, he paddled off to the brigantine to execute his orders.

Meanwhile Captain Brand slowly bent his steps toward the house under the crag, and entered his spacious saloon for the last time. On the bare table, too, was his last dinner, served on a few odd dishes and cracked plates.

"Babette, old girl!" said he, as he sat down to this repast, "you have a bottle of old Madeira, and a flask of hock left. No?"

The negress shook her head violently, made the sign of the cross, and by other telegraphic motions gave her master to understand that Padre Ricardo had dropped in, drained both bottles, and then had reeled off on board the brigantine.

"The drunken, selfish beast!" muttered Captain Brand; "it will be the last taste of wine he will swallow for a long time."

The Pirate was quite correct in his schemes for the Padre's reform; for the next copious draught the holy Father imbibed was the briny salt-water from the Caribbean sea.

"Well, my Baba, a drop of water then! Thank you, old lady. Here's to your health while I am gone. There—you need not blubber so over my hand—good-by!" And so passed away from Captain Brand's sight the only creature in the wide world who loved him.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CAUGHT IN A NET.

Captain Brand did not linger long over his frugal dinner, and when he had finished, as if he had not had enough exercise for the last three days, he began to walk with long nervous strides across the saloon.

"He called me coward, did he? and dared to lay his hands on me! By my right arm, my Creole Doctor, I'll teach you not to call hard names again, and I'll paralyze your hands for all time to come."

The Pirate's jaws grated like a rusty bolt as he hissed out these murderous threats; but as his eye caught the squirming green silk rope, as he swung round on his heel in his walk, he paused and muttered,

"That bit of stuff may be of use. I'll take it by way of precaution."

Hereupon he rapidly unrove the cord and coiled it away in the bosom of his shirt. Then, looking at his watch, he said, "Ho! the time approaches, and here comes Pedillo."

Lighting a cigar, he left his dwelling for the last time; and, after pausing to hear a report from Pedillo that his orders had been executed and the vessel all ready for sea, and whispering a few precise directions in return, Captain Brand mounted up the steep face of the crag again and accosted the signal-man at the station.

"Any thing in sight?"

"Nothing to the eastward, Capitano; but it has been a little hazy here away to the southward since meridian, and I can hardly see through it."

"Bueno, my man! give me the glass. You can go on board the brigantine. I'll take a last look myself."

While the signal-man scrambled down the crag Captain Brand rested the spy-glass on the trunk of the single cocoa-nut tree, whose skeleton-like fingers of leaves rattled above his head like a gibbeted pirate in chains; and then he searched long and steadily along the hazy horizon. As he was about, however, to withdraw his eye from the tube, something—a mere dim speck—arrested his attention. Quickly dropping the glass, and as rapidly rubbing the large lens and carefully adjusting the joints, he raised it again, as a backwoodsman does his rifle with an Indian for a mark. For full five minutes the Pirate stood as motionless as the crag beneath him, intently glaring through the tube at the speck in the distance. At last he let the glass fall at his side, and pulling out his watch with a jerk, he muttered to himself,

"It is a large and lofty ship; but should she be a cruiser after me, she will find the bird flown and the nest empty. Ho, now for action!"

Springing down the precipitous declivity as he spoke, he paused a moment at a loophole of the vault beneath his dwelling, and puffing his cigar into a bright coal, he carefully twitched the match-rope which led to the train, opened the loose strands, and placed the fire to it. Waiting an instant till he saw the nitre sparkle as it ignited, he moved away with long, swinging strides toward the sheds. There glancing through the now deserted halls the crew had occupied, where quantities of fagots and kindling wood and barrels of pitch were standing, he continued on till he came to the quarters of the Doctor. The Doctor was standing at the open door on the thatched piazza, looking quietly at the brigantine, whose sails were loosed, and the vessel hanging by a stern-fast, with her head just abreast the Tiger's Trap.

"Ah! Monsieur le Docteur, I have merely called to bid you a final adieu before I go on board; and as I have a few moments left, and a few words to say, suppose you walk with me toward the chapel. *Allons!* there is a suspicious sail off there," waving his glass in the direction, "and I wish to take a good look at her.

"Doctor," continued Captain Brand as they reached the little esplanade facing the graves and church, "you will have no one left here on our island save our dumb Babette, and the chances are rather remote for your getting away, without, perhaps, some of the West India fleet should happen to drop in here, which I do not think probable. I rely, however, upon your keeping your oath, even if they do come, and not betraying the secrets you are acquainted with."

The Pirate said this in an off-hand, friendly way, as he had his glass leveled toward the sail he saw in the offing.

"Captain Brand," replied the Doctor, "I was deceived in coming here, as you well know; but I shall religiously keep my oath for the twenty years, as I swore to do. After that, if we both live so long, my tongue and arm shall speak and strike."

The Pirate stepped back a little as he shut up the joints of the spy-glass with a crash; and, with a scowl of hate and vengeance combined, he said, in a loud voice, while his cold eyes gleamed like a ray of sunlight on an iceberg:

"And I, too, keep my oaths; and without waiting twenty years, I strike now!"

Even while the treacherous villain spoke, two swarthy, sinewy scoundrels crept stealthily from within the chapel, and, with the soft, slimy movements of serpents, as their leader uttered the last word they sprang at the back of the Doctor and wound their coils around him, twining strong strands of rawhide rope about his arms, legs, and body. Bound as in a frame of elastic steel from which there was no escape, their victim was thrown, face downward, upon the sand.

"Be quick, Pedillo! the time is flying. Gomez, bring the corpse trestle from the chapel."

In a moment a wooden frame with legs, and stretched across with a bed of light wire, which had been used to carry the mortal remains of the pirates—and the poor women, too, besides them—to their last resting-places, was brought out from the little church. Then the bound victim was laid on it, face upward; again the hide thongs were passed in numerous plaits until the body was lashed firmly to the trestle.

"Place it on the edge of that rock there, with his head toward the cocoa-nut tree. Take this silk rope, Gomez, and clove-hitch it well up the trunk. There, that will do. I myself will perform the last act of politeness."

Saying this, the Pirate widened the noose of the cord, and slipping it over the Doctor's head, he placed the knot carefully under his left ear. The victim gave no groan or sigh, and his dark luminous eyes were fixed on the blue sky above him in heaven.

"Monsieur le Docteur," said Captain Brand, as he hurriedly looked at his watch and raised his hat, "I have but one word of caution to give you: If you struggle, you will have your neck broken before you are stung to death! Talk as much as you like; but as Babette is a long way off and hard of hearing, I doubt if she comes to your assistance. Adieu!"

The retreating figures went leaping toward the inlet, and, as they rushed through the sheds, they applied a torch to the combustible material deposited there, and then sprang on toward the Tiger's Trap. A few minutes afterward the Doctor turned his eyes in that direction, and saw the sails of the brigantine sheeted home and run up like magic; and taking the last breath of the sea-breeze on her quarter, the stern-fast was cast off, and she slipped easily out of the gorge-like channel. Still as those dark, stern eyes watched the receding hull of the *Centipede*, a sudden jar shook the island, a heavy column of white smoke rose from below the crag like a water-spout, and, spreading out like a palm-tree, came down in a deluge of timber, stones, and dust, while sheets of vivid flame leaped out from the gloom, and an awful peal, in a dull, heavy, booming roar that shook the crag to its base, announced the ruin of the Pirate's Den. At the same time the red fires gleamed in fitful flashes from the sheds, and rapidly making headway, all at once burst forth in wild conflagration, till the whole nest was wrapped in flames. The shock of the explosion and the fires killed the wind, and a lurid pall of smoke and cinders hung like a gloomy canopy over the island.

"THE AMERICAN INSTITUTION."

Under this title a late number of the New York *Christian Advocate and Journal* discusses the subject of Sewing Machines—setting forth the peculiar merits of the Grover and Baker, in contradistinction with the lock-stitch machines so generally in use. A Grover & Baker has been in use in the family of one of our firm, rendering perfect satisfaction, developing the merits claimed for it by the *Advocate*, as follows:

1. It makes the only seam formed by a sewing machine in which each stitch is independently locked, and without dependence upon the other stitches for strength.
2. It makes the only seam that will admit of the thread being cut at every fourth stitch without injury to the seam in wear.
3. It is unnecessary to fasten the ends of seams made by this machine. This is done by the machine itself, without the use of the hand needle.
4. The Grover & Baker stitch is the only one formed from two ordinary spools, and without winding from the spool into a shuttle from three to five times for the under thread.
5. A seam thus formed is more elastic than any other made by a sewing machine, and is consequently very valuable in all goods that are to be washed and stretched under the iron.
6. The machine is adapted to all varieties of fabrics, sewing each equally well, and requiring no adjustment for any kind of sewing other than the adaptation of needles and thread.
7. It is more easily kept in order than any other machine, and need not be taken apart to be oiled.
8. The machine sews common spool cotton, silk, and linen thread with equal facility.
9. The machine is so simple that an intelligent child of ten years can readily learn to operate and keep it in order.
10. By reason of its simplicity of construction and ease of management, it is best adapted to all the wants of the family.

Another very important merit this machine has is that the fabric, while being sewed, is passed across the machine from front to rear directly *from* the operator, obviating the liability or necessity of curving the spine, as is done when using a "lock-stitch" machine. The inventor seems to have carefully considered the health, comfort, and well being of the sex to whom he appeals for patronage, and we trust has realized all that his utmost hopes could have prompted.

Still another merit possessed by this machine, the most marvelous of all, is this: while it sews a seam that will not rip in wear, it may very easily be removed at pleasure if the proper means be employed to accomplish it. This will be regarded as a very desirable quality by ladies just learning how to use the machine, as they may be enabled to correct mistakes with more facility than if they used a "lock-stitch" machine, while it will be obviously a convenience to economical families in changing the fashion of garments, or making them over for children.

Stafford's Family Receipt Book, containing 100 recipes used by the Metropolitan Hotel of this City, and accompanied by a letter from the Messrs. Leland, seems to be a valuable work for family use.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Notice to Advertisers.

In consequence of the increasing pressure of Advertisements

For the Last, or Outside Page,

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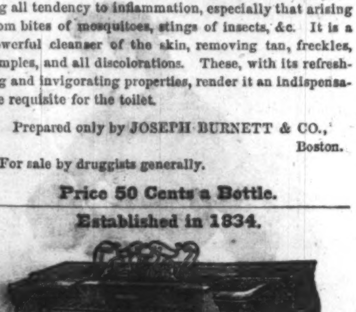

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beg to call attention to their large variety of Open Carriages, of new designs, made expressly for CENTRAL PARK and "Watering-place" driving, with great regard to

Elegance, Comfort, Lightness, and Strength.

This stock is superior to any ever before presented to the public, and well worthy the inspection of those who desire an article beautiful in design and finish, unexceptionable in taste and reliable in construction.

Drawings and specifications will be furnished to persons at a distance, on application by letter.

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An agreeable Refrigerant and Laxative. It is superior in its medicinal properties to the liquid Citrate of Magnesia. Put up portable and convenient for Travellers and Family use. Cheaper and superior to Saratoga water as a cooling drink. Price 25 cents per bottle. For sale by all Druggists. Manufactory 193 Spring St., N. Y.

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